

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FROM THE PRESS OF P. DIDOT, SENIOR,
PRINTER TO HIS MAJESTY.

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

VOL. VII.

THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.—THE VISION OF
DON RODERICK.—THE FIELD OF WATER-
LOO.—BALLADS, *etc. etc. etc.*



PARIS:

PUBLISHED BY A. AND W. GALIGNANI, 18, RUE VIVIENNE,
AND P. DIDOT, SEN. RUE DU PONT-DE-LODI.

M DCCC XXI.

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
WALTER SCOTT

IN
TEN VOLUMES

THE FIRST OF THE SERIES—THE LIFE OF WALTER
SCOTT—THE SECOND—THE THIRD—THE FOURTH—THE FIFTH—THE SIXTH—THE SEVENTH—THE EIGHTH—THE NINTH—THE TENTH

1812

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD, LONDON.

CONTENTS
OF
VOLUME SEVENTH.

THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

	PAGE.
Preface	3
Introduction to Canto First	11
Canto First	17
Canto Second	33
Introduction to Canto Third	61
Canto Third	67
Conclusion	99
Notes on the Bridal of Triermain	103

THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

Preface	115
Introduction	119
The Vision	125
Conclusion	149
Notes on the Introduction	159
Notes on the Vision	163
Notes on the Conclusion	177

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

	PAGE.
The Field of Waterloo	187
Conclusion	205
Notes on the Field of Waterloo	211

FRAGMENTS.

The Poacher	217
Song	223

BALLADS.

William and Helen	227
The Battle of Sempach	243
The Noble Moringer	253

MISCELLANIES.

The Palmer	267
The Maid of Neidpath	269
Wandering Willie	273
Hunting Song	276
The Violet	278
To a Lady	279
The Bard's Incantation	280
The Resolve	283
Epitaph	285
The Return to Ulster	286
On the Massacre of Glencoe	288
Prologue to Miss Baillie's Play of the Family Legend	291

	PAGE.
Farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail	293
Imitation of the preceding Song	295
War-Song of Lachlan, High Chief of Maclean	297
Saint Cloud	299
The Dance of Death	301
Romance of Dunois	307
The Troubadour	309
From the French	311
Song, for the Anniversary Meeting of the Pitt Club of Scotland	312
Song, on the lifting of the Banner of the House of Buccleuch, at a great Foot-Ball Match on Carterhaugh	315

The first of the series of
 the second of the series of
 the third of the series of
 the fourth of the series of
 the fifth of the series of
 the sixth of the series of
 the seventh of the series of
 the eighth of the series of
 the ninth of the series of
 the tenth of the series of
 the eleventh of the series of
 the twelfth of the series of
 the thirteenth of the series of
 the fourteenth of the series of
 the fifteenth of the series of
 the sixteenth of the series of
 the seventeenth of the series of
 the eighteenth of the series of
 the nineteenth of the series of
 the twentieth of the series of
 the twenty-first of the series of
 the twenty-second of the series of
 the twenty-third of the series of
 the twenty-fourth of the series of
 the twenty-fifth of the series of
 the twenty-sixth of the series of
 the twenty-seventh of the series of
 the twenty-eighth of the series of
 the twenty-ninth of the series of
 the thirtieth of the series of
 the thirty-first of the series of
 the thirty-second of the series of
 the thirty-third of the series of
 the thirty-fourth of the series of
 the thirty-fifth of the series of
 the thirty-sixth of the series of
 the thirty-seventh of the series of
 the thirty-eighth of the series of
 the thirty-ninth of the series of
 the fortieth of the series of
 the forty-first of the series of
 the forty-second of the series of
 the forty-third of the series of
 the forty-fourth of the series of
 the forty-fifth of the series of
 the forty-sixth of the series of
 the forty-seventh of the series of
 the forty-eighth of the series of
 the forty-ninth of the series of
 the fiftieth of the series of
 the fifty-first of the series of
 the fifty-second of the series of
 the fifty-third of the series of
 the fifty-fourth of the series of
 the fifty-fifth of the series of
 the fifty-sixth of the series of
 the fifty-seventh of the series of
 the fifty-eighth of the series of
 the fifty-ninth of the series of
 the sixtieth of the series of
 the sixty-first of the series of
 the sixty-second of the series of
 the sixty-third of the series of
 the sixty-fourth of the series of
 the sixty-fifth of the series of
 the sixty-sixth of the series of
 the sixty-seventh of the series of
 the sixty-eighth of the series of
 the sixty-ninth of the series of
 the seventieth of the series of
 the seventy-first of the series of
 the seventy-second of the series of
 the seventy-third of the series of
 the seventy-fourth of the series of
 the seventy-fifth of the series of
 the seventy-sixth of the series of
 the seventy-seventh of the series of
 the seventy-eighth of the series of
 the seventy-ninth of the series of
 the eightieth of the series of
 the eighty-first of the series of
 the eighty-second of the series of
 the eighty-third of the series of
 the eighty-fourth of the series of
 the eighty-fifth of the series of
 the eighty-sixth of the series of
 the eighty-seventh of the series of
 the eighty-eighth of the series of
 the eighty-ninth of the series of
 the ninetieth of the series of
 the ninety-first of the series of
 the ninety-second of the series of
 the ninety-third of the series of
 the ninety-fourth of the series of
 the ninety-fifth of the series of
 the ninety-sixth of the series of
 the ninety-seventh of the series of
 the ninety-eighth of the series of
 the ninety-ninth of the series of
 the hundredth of the series of

THE
BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN;

OR,
THE VALE OF ST JOHN.

A LOVER'S TALE.

An elf-quene wol I love ywis,
For in this world no woman is
Worthy to be my make in toun:
All other women I forsake,
And to an elf-quene I me take
By dale and eke by doun.

RIME OF SIR THOPAS.

THE

BRIDAL OF TREHMALIN;

OR

THE VALE OF ST JOHN.

A LOVER'S TALK.

An elf-queen wot I love this
For in this world no woman is
Worthier to be my mate in town;
All other women forsake,
And to an elf-queen I me take
By date and eke by dawn.

LINE OF SIR THOMAS.

PREFACE.

IN the EDINBURGH ANNUAL REGISTER for the year 1809, three Fragments were inserted, written in imitation of Living Poets. It must have been apparent, that by these prolusions, nothing burlesque, or disrespectful to the authors, was intended, but that they were offered to the public as serious, though certainly very imperfect, imitations of that style of composition, by which each of the writers is supposed to be distinguished. As these exercises attracted a greater degree of attention than the author anticipated, he has been induced to complete one of them, and present it as a separate publication.

It is not in this place that an examination of the works of the master whom he has here adopted as his model, can, with propriety, be introduced; since his general acquiescence in the favourable suffrage of the public must necessarily be inferred from the attempt he has now made. He is induced by the

nature of his subject, to offer a few remarks on what has been called ROMANTIC POETRY;—the popularity of which has been revived in the present day, under the auspices, and by the unparalleled success, of one individual.

The original purpose of poetry is either religious or historical, or, as must frequently happen, a mixture of both. To modern readers, the poems of Homer have many of the features of pure romance; but in the estimation of his contemporaries, they probably derived their chief value from their supposed historical authenticity. The same may be generally said of the poetry of all early ages. The marvels and miracles which the poet blends with his song, do not exceed in number or extravagance the figments of the historians of the same period of society; and, indeed, the difference betwixt poetry and prose, as the vehicles of historical truth, is always of late introduction. Poets, under various denominations of Bards, Scalds, Chroniclers, and so forth, are the first historians of all nations. Their intention is to relate the events they have witnessed, or the traditions that have reached them; and they clothe the relation in rhyme, merely as the means of rendering it more solemn in the narrative, or more easily committed to memory. But as the poetical historian improves in the art of conveying information, the authenticity of his narrative unavoid-

ably declines. He is tempted to dilate and dwell upon the events that are interesting to his imagination, and, conscious how indifferent his audience is to the naked truth of his poem, his history gradually becomes a romance.

It is in this situation that those epics are found which have been generally regarded the standards of poetry; and it has happened somewhat strangely, that the moderns have pointed out as the characteristics and peculiar excellencies of narrative poetry, the very circumstances which the authors themselves adopted, only because their art involved the duties of the historian as well as the poet. It cannot be believed, for example, that Homer selected the siege of Troy as the most appropriate subject for poetry; his purpose was to write the early history of his country: the event he has chosen, though not very fruitful in varied incident, nor perfectly well adapted for poetry, was nevertheless combined with traditional and genealogical anecdotes extremely interesting to those who were to listen to him; and this he has adorned by the exertions of a genius, which, if it has been equalled, has certainly been never surpassed. It was not till comparatively a late period that the general accuracy of his narrative, or his purpose in composing it, was brought into question.

Δοκεῖ πρῶτος ὁ Ἀναξαγόρας (καθὰ φησὶ φαβορίνος ἐν παντοδαπῇ ἱστορίᾳ) τὴν Ὅμηρου ποιήσιν ἀποφηνᾶσθαι εἶναι ἀρετῆς καὶ δι-

καιοσυνης. (1) But whatever theories might be framed by speculative men, his work was of an historical, not of an allegorical nature. Εναυτιλλετο μετα του Μεντεως, και όπου ἐκαστοτε αφικαιτο, παντα τα επιχωρια διερωτατο, και ιστορευων επυνθανετο. εικος δε μιν ην και μνημοσυνα παντων γραφεσθαι. (2) Instead of recommending the choice of a subject similar to that of Homer, it was to be expected that critics should have exhorted the poets of these later days to adopt or invent a narrative in itself more susceptible of poetical ornament, and to avail themselves of that advantage in order to compensate, in some degree, the inferiority of genius. The contrary course has been inculcated by almost all the writers upon the *Epopœia*; with what success, the fate of Homer's numerous imitators may best shew. The *ultimum supplicium* of criticism was inflicted on the author if he did not chuse a subject which at once deprived him of all claim to originality, and placed him, if not in actual contest, at least in fatal comparison, with those giants in the land, whom it was most his interest to avoid. The celebrated recipe for writing an epic poem, which appeared in the Guardian, was the first instance in which common sense was applied to this department of poetry; and indeed, if the question be considered on its own me-

(1) Diogenes Laertius, l. 11. p. 8.

(2) Homeri Vita.

rits, we must be satisfied that narrative poetry, if strictly confined to the great occurrences of history, would be deprived of the individual interest which it is so well calculated to excite.

Modern poets may therefore be pardoned in seeking simpler subjects of verse, more interesting in proportion to their simplicity. Two or three figures, well grouped, suited the artist better than a crowd, for whatever purpose assembled. For the same reason, a scene immediately presented to the imagination, and directly brought home to the feelings, though involving the fate but of one or two persons, is more favourable for poetry than the political struggles and convulsions which influence the fate of kingdoms. The former are within the reach and comprehension of all, and, if depicted with vigour, seldom fail to fix attention: The other, if more sublime, are more vague and distant, less capable of being distinctly understood, and infinitely less capable of exciting those sentiments which it is the very purpose of poetry to inspire. To generalize is always to destroy effect. We would, for example, be more interested in the fate of an individual soldier in combat, than in the grand event of a general action; with the happiness of two lovers raised from misery and anxiety to peace and union, than with the successful exertions of a whole nation. From what causes this may originate, is a separate, and ob-

viously an immaterial consideration. Before ascribing this peculiarity to causes decidedly and odiously selfish, it is proper to recollect, that while men see only a limited space, and while their affections and conduct are regulated, not by aspiring at an universal good, but by exerting their power of making themselves and others happy within the limited scale allotted to each individual, so long will individual history and individual virtue be the readier and more accessible road to general interest and attention; and perhaps we may add, that it is the more useful, as well as the more accessible, inasmuch as it affords an example capable of being easily imitated.

According to the author's idea of Romantic Poetry, as distinguished from Epic, the former comprehends a fictitious narrative framed and combined at the pleasure of the writer; beginning and ending as he may judge best; which neither exacts nor refuses the use of supernatural machinery; which is free from the technical rules of the *Epée*; and is subject only to those which good sense, good taste, and good morals, apply to every species of poetry without exception. The date may be in a remote age, or in the present; the story may detail the adventures of a prince or of a peasant. In a word, the author is absolute master of his country and its inhabitants, and every thing is permitted to him, excepting to be

heavy or prosaic, for which, free and unembarrassed as he is, he has no manner of apology. Those, it is probable, will be found the peculiarities of this species of composition; and, before joining the outcry against the vitiated taste that fosters and encourages it, the justice and grounds of it ought to be made perfectly apparent. If the want of sieges and battles and great military evolutions in our poetry is complained of, let us reflect, that the campaigns and heroes of our day are perpetuated in a record that neither requires nor admits of the aid of fiction; and if the complaint refers to the inferiority of our bards, let us pay a just tribute to their modesty, limiting them, as it does, to subjects, which, however indifferently treated, have still the interest and charm of novelty, and which thus prevents them from adding insipidity to their other more insuperable defects.

heavy or moderate, for which, law and reason
 of us be in the manner of a policy. There, it
 is probable, will be found the probability of the
 species of corruption; and before joining the one
 or against the other, it is to be considered, and con-
 sidered in the justice and grounds of it, ought to be
 made perfectly apparent. If the agent of error and
 fraud and great influence, in our party
 is complained of, let us reflect, that the corruption
 and actions of our day are perpetuated in a record
 that neither requires nor admits of the least
 and if the corruption refers to the interests of our
 party, let us pay a just tribute to their industry, in
 making them, as it does, to subjects, who, however
 indifferently treated, have still the interest and concern
 of necessity, and which this government has from and
 not only to their other interests, but to the
 state.

THE
BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

INTRODUCTION.

I.

COME, LUCY! while 'tis morning hour,
The woodland brook we needs must pass;
So, ere the sun assume his power,
We shelter in our poplar bower,
Where dew lies long upon the flower,
Though vanish'd from the velvet grass.
Curbing the stream, this stony ridge
May serve us for a sylvan bridge;
For here, compell'd to disunite,
Round petty isles the runnels glide,
And chafing off their puny spite,
The shallow murmurers waste their might,
Yielding to footstep free and light
A dry-shod pass from side to side.

II.

Nay, why this hesitating pause?
And, Lucy, as thy step withdraws,
Why sidelong eye the streamlet's brim?
 'Titania's foot without a slip,
Like thine, though timid, light, and slim,
 From stone to stone might safely trip,
 Nor risk the glow-worm clasp to dip
That binds her slipper's silken rim.
Or trust thy lover's strength: nor fear
 That this same stalwart arm of mine,
Which could yon oak's prone trunk uprear,
Shall shrink beneath the burthen dear
 Of form so slender, light, and fine.—
So,—now, the danger dared at last,
Look back and smile at perils past!

III.

And now we reach the favourite glade,
 Paled in by copse-wood, cliff, and stone,
Where never harsher sounds invade,
 To break affection's whispering tone,
Than the deep breeze that waves the shade,
 Than the small brooklet's feeble moan.
Come! rest thee on thy wonted seat;
 Moss'd is the stone, the turf is green,
A place where lovers best may meet,
 Who would not that their love be seen.
The boughs, that dim the summer sky,
Shall hide us from each lurking spy,
 That fain would spread the invidious tale,

How Lucy of the lofty eye,
Noble in birth, in fortunes high,
She for whom lords and barons sigh,
Meets her poor Arthur in the dale.

IV.

How deep that blush!—how deep that sigh!
And why does Lucy shun mine eye?—
Is it because that crimson draws
Its colour from some secret cause,
Some hidden movement of the breast,
She would not that her Arthur guess'd?
O! quicker far is lovers' ken
Than the dull glance of common men,
And, by strange sympathy, can spell
The thoughts the loved one will not tell!
And mine, in Lucy's blush, saw met
The hue of pleasure and regret;
Pride mingled in the sigh her voice,
And shared with Love the crimson glow,
Well pleased that thou art Arthur's choice,
Yet shamed thine own is placed so low.
Thou turn'st thy self-confessing cheek,
As if to meet the breeze's cooling;
Then, Lucy, hear thy tutor speak,
For Love, too, has his hours of schooling.

V.

Too oft my anxious eye has spied
That secret grief thou fain would'st hide,
The passing pang of humbled pride;

Too oft, when through the splendid hall,
The load-star of each heart and eye,
My fair one leads the glittering ball,
Will her stol'n glance on Arthur fall,
With such a blush and such a sigh!
Thou would'st not yield, for wealth or rank,
The heart thy worth and beauty won,
Nor leave me on this mossy bank,
To meet a rival on a throne:
Why, then, should vain repinings rise,
That to thy lover fate denies
A nobler name, a wide domain,
A Baron's birth, a menial train,
Since heaven assign'd him, for his part,
A lyre, a faulchion, and a heart?

VI.

My sword——its master must be dumb;
But, when a soldier names my name,
Approach, my Lucy! fearless come,
Nor dread to hear of Arthur's shame.
My heart——'mid all yon courtly crew,
Of lordly rank and lofty line,
Is there to love and honour true,
That boasts a pulse so warm as mine?
They praised thy diamonds' lustre rare—
Match'd with thine eyes, I thought it faded;
They praised the pearls that bound thy hair—
I only saw the locks they braided;
They talk'd of wealthy dower and land,
And titles of high birth the token—

I thought of Lucy's heart and hand,
Nor knew the sense of what was spoken.
And yet, if rank'd in Fortune's roll,
I might have learn'd their choice unwise,
Who rate the dower above the soul,
And Lucy's diamonds o'er her eyes.

VII.

My lyre—it is an idle toy,
That borrows accents not its own,
Like warbler of Columbian sky,
That sings but in a mimic tone. (1)
Ne'er did it sound o'er sainted well,
Nor boasts it aught of border spell;
Its strings no feudal slogan pour,
Its heroes draw no broad claymore;
No shouting clans applauses raise,
Because it sung their fathers' praise;
On Scottish moor, or English down,
It ne'er was graced with fair renown;
Nor won,—best meed to minstrel true,—
One favouring smile from fair BUCCLEUCH!
By one poor streamlet sounds its tone,
And heard by one dear Maid alone.

VIII.

But, if thou bid'st, these tones shall tell,
Of errant knight and damozelle;
Of the dread knot a Wizard tied,
In punishment of maiden's pride,

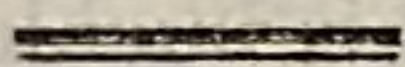
(1) The Mocking-bird.

In notes of marvel and of fear,
That best may charm romantic ear.
For Lucy loves,—like COLLINS, ill-starr'd name!
Whose lay's requital was, that tardy fame,
Who bound no laurel round his living head,
Should hang it o'er his monument when dead,—
For Lucy loves to tread enchanted strand,
And thread, like him, the maze of Fairy-land;
Of golden battlements to view the gleam,
And slumber soft by some Elysian stream:
Such lays she loves,—and, such my Lucy's choice,
What other song can claim her Poet's voice?

THE

BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

CANTO FIRST.



I.

WHERE is the Maiden of mortal strain,
That may match with the Baron of Triermain?
She must be lovely and constant and kind,
Holy and pure and humble of mind,
Blithe of cheer and gentle of mood,
Courteous and generous and noble of blood—
Lovely as the sun's first ray,
When it breaks the clouds of an April day;
Constant and true as the widow'd dove,
Kind as a minstrel that sings of love;
Pure as the fountain in rocky cave,
Where never sun-beam kiss'd the wave;
Humble as maiden that loves in vain,
Holy as hermit's vesper strain;
Gentle as breeze that but whispers and dies,
Yet blithe as the light leaves that dance in its sighs;

I.

Courteous as monarch the morn he is crown'd,
Generous as spring-dews that bless the glad ground;
Noble her blood as the currents that met
In the veins of the noblest Plantagenet—
Such must her form be, her mood and her strain,
That shall match with Sir Roland of Triermain.

II.

Sir Roland de Vaux he hath laid him to sleep,
His blood it was fever'd, his breathing was deep.
He had been pricking against the Scot,
The foray was long and the skirmish hot;
His dinted helm and his buckler's plight
Bore token of a stubborn fight.

All in the castle must hold them still,
Harpers must lull him to his rest,
With the slow soft tunes he loves the best,
Till sleep sink down upon his breast,
Like the dew on a summer-hill.

III.

It was the dawn of an autumn day;
The sun was struggling with frost-fog grey,
That like a silvery crape was spread
Round Skiddaw's dim and distant head,
And faintly gleam'd each painted pane
Of the lordly halls of Triermain,

When that Baron bold awoke.
Starting he woke, and loudly did call,
Rousing his menials in bower and hall,
While hastily he spoke.

IV.

“Hearken, my minstrels! Which of ye all
Touch’d his harp with that dying fall,
 So sweet, so soft, so faint,
It seem’d an angel’s whisper’d call
 To an expiring saint?
And hearken, my merrymen! What time or where
 Did she pass, that maid with her heavenly brow,
With her look so sweet and her eyes so fair,
And her graceful step and her angel air,
And the eagle-plume in her dark-brown hair,
 That pass’d from my bower e’en now?”—

V.

Answer’d him Richard de Brettville; he
Was chief of the Baron’s minstrelsy,—
“Silent, noble Chieftain, we
 Have sate since midnight close,
When such lulling sounds as the brooklet sings,
Murmur’d from our melting strings,
 And hush’d you to repose.
Had a harp-note sounded here,
It had caught my watchful ear,
 Although it fell as faint and shy
As bashful maiden’s half-form’d sigh,
When she thinks her lover near.”
Answer’d Philip of Fasthwaite tall,
He kept guard in the outer-hall,—
“Since at eve our watch took post,
Not a foot has thy portal cross’d;

Else had I heard the steps, though low
And light they fell as when earth receives,
In morn of frost, the wither'd leaves,
That drop when no winds blow."—

VI.

"Then come thou hither, Henry, my page,
Whom I saved from the sack of Hermitage,
When that dark castle, tower, and spire,
Rose to the skies a pile of fire,
And redden'd all the Nine-stane Hill,
And the shrieks of death, that wildly broke
Through devouring flame and smothering smoke,
Made the warrior's heart-blood chill!
The trustiest thou of all my train,
My fleetest courser thou must rein,
And ride to Lyulph's tower,
And from the Baron of Triermain
Greet well that Sage of power.
He is sprung from Druid sires,
And British bards that tuned their lyres
To Arthur's and Pendragon's praise,
And his who sleeps at Dunmailraise.
Gifted like his gifted race,
He the characters can trace,
Graven deep in elder time
Upon Helvellyn's cliffs sublime;
Sign and sigil well doth he know,
And can bode of weal and woe,
Of kingdoms' fall, and fate of wars,
From mystic dreams and course of stars.

He shall tell if middle earth
To that enchanting shape gave birth,
Or if 'twas but an airy thing,
Such as fantastic slumbers bring,
Framed from the rainbow's varying dyes,
Or fading tints of western skies.
For, by the blessed rood I swear,
If that fair form breathe vital air,
No other maiden by my side
Shall ever rest De Vaux's bride!"—

VII.

The faithful Page he mounts his steed,
And soon he cross'd green Irthing's mead,
Dash'd o'er Kirkoswald's verdant plain,
And Eden barr'd his course in vain.
He pass'd red Penrith's Table Round,
For feats of chivalry renown'd,
Left Mayburgh's mound and stones of power,
By druids raised in magic hour,
And traced the Eamont's winding way,
Till Ulfo's lake beneath him lay.

VIII.

Onward he rode, the path-way still
Winding betwixt the lake and hill;
Till on the fragment of a rock,
Struck from its base by lightning shock,
He saw the hoary Sage:
The silver moss and lichen twined,
With fern and deer-hair check'd and lined,
A cushion fit for age;

And o'er him shook the aspen tree,
A restless rustling canopy.
Then sprung young Henry from his selle,
And greeted Lyulph grave,
And then his master's tale did tell,
And then for counsel crave.
The Man of Years mused long and deep,
Of time's lost treasures taking keep,
And then, as rousing from a sleep,
His solemn answer gave.

IX.

“That maid is born of middle earth,
And may of man be won,
Though there have glided since her birth,
Five hundred years and one.
But where's the Knight in all the north,
That dare the adventure follow forth,
So perilous to knightly worth,
In the Valley of St John?
Listen, youth, to what I tell,
And bind it on thy memory well;
Nor muse that I commence the rhyme
Far distant 'mid the wrecks of time.
The mystic tale, by bard and sage,
Is handed down from Merlin's age.

X.

LYULPH'S TALE.

KING ARTHUR has ridden from merry Carlisle,
When Pentecost was o'er;

He journey'd like errant knight the while,
And sweetly the summer sun did smile

On mountain, moss, and moor.

Above his solitary track
Rose Glaramara's ridgy back,
Amid whose yawning gulphs the sun
Cast umber'd radiance red and dun,
Though never sun-beam could discern
The surface of that sable tarn,
In whose black mirror you may spy
The stars, while noon-tide lights the sky.

The gallant King he skirted still
The margin of that mighty hill;
Rocks upon rocks incumbent hung,
And torrents, down the gullies flung,
Join'd the rude river that brawl'd on,
Recoiling now from crag and stone,
Now diving deep from human ken,
And raving down its darksome glen.
The Monarch judged this desert wild,
With such romantic ruin piled,
Was theatre by Nature's hand
For feat of high achievement plann'd.

XI.

O rather he chose, that Monarch bold,
On vent'rous quest to ride,
In plate and mail, by wood and wold,
Than, with ermine trapp'd and cloth of gold,
In princely bower to bide;

The bursting crash of a foeman's spear,
As it shiver'd against his mail,
Was merrier music to his ear
Than courtier's whisper'd tale;
And the clash of Caliburn more dear,
When on the hostile casque it rung,
Than all the lays
To their Monarch's praise
That the harpers of Reged sung.
He loved better to rest by wood or river,
Than in bower of his bride, Dame Guenever;
For he left that lady so lovely of cheer,
To follow adventures of danger and fear;
And the frank-hearted Monarch full little did wot,
That she smiled, in his absence, on brave Lancelot.

XII.

He rode, till over down and dell
The shade more broad and deeper fell;
And though around the mountain's head
Flow'd streams of purple, and gold, and red,
Dark at the base, unblest by beam,
Frown'd the black rocks, and roar'd the stream.
With toil the King his way pursued
By lonely Threlkeld's waste and wood,
Till on his course obliquely shone
The narrow valley of SAINT JOHN,
Down sloping to the western sky,
Where lingering sun-beams love to lie.
Right glad to feel those beams again,
The King drew up his charger's rein;

With gauntlet raised he screen'd his sight,
As dazzled with the level light,
And, from beneath his glove of mail,
Scann'd at his ease the lovely vale,
While 'gainst the sun his armour bright
Gleam'd ruddy like the beacon's light.

XIII.

Paled in by many a lofty hill,
The narrow dale lay smooth and still,
And, down its verdant bosom led,
A winding brooklet found its bed.
But, midmost of the vale, a mound
Arose, with airy turrets crown'd,
Buttress and rampire's circling bound,
And mighty keep and tower;
Seem'd some primeval giant's hand
The castle's massive walls had plann'd,
A pond'rous bulwark to withstand
Ambitious Nimrod's power.
Above the moated entrance slung,
The balanced draw-bridge trembling hung,
As jealous of a foe;
Wicket of oak, as iron hard,
With iron studded, clench'd, and barr'd,
And prong'd portcullis, join'd to guard
The gloomy pass below.
But the grey walls no banners crown'd,
Upon the watch-tower's airy round
No warder stood his horn to sound,

No guard beside the bridge was found,
And, where the gothic gateway frown'd,
Glanced neither bill nor bow.

XIV.

Beneath the castle's gloomy pride,
In ample round did Arthur ride
Three times; nor living thing he spied,
Nor heard a living sound,
Save that, awakening from her dream,
The owlet now began to scream,
In concert with the rushing stream,
That wash'd the battled mound.
He lighted from his goodly steed,
And he left him to graze on bank and mead;
And slowly he climb'd the narrow way,
That reach'd the entrance grim and grey,
And he stood the outward arch below,
And his bugle horn prepared to blow,
In summons blithe and bold,
Deeming to rouse from iron sleep
The guardian of this dismal keep,
Which well he guess'd the hold
Of wizard stern, or goblin grim,
Or pagan of gigantic limb,
The tyrant of the wold.

XV.

The ivory bugle's golden tip
Twice touch'd the Monarch's manly lip,
And twice his hand withdrew.

—Think not but Arthur's heart was good!—
His shield was cross'd by the blessed rood,
Had a pagan host before him stood,
 He had charged them through and through;
Yet the silence of that ancient place
Sunk on his heart, and he paused a space
 Ere yet his horn he blew.
But, instant as its larum rung,
The castle-gate was open flung,
Portcullis rose with crashing groan
Full harshly up its groove of stone,
The balance beams obey'd the blast,
And down the trembling draw-bridge cast,
The vaulted arch before him lay,
With nought to bar the gloomy way,
And onward Arthur paced, with hand
On Caliburn's resistless brand.

XVI.

A hundred torches, flashing bright,
Dispell'd at once the gloomy night
 That lour'd along the walls,
And shew'd the King's astonish'd sight
 The inmates of the halls.
Nor wizard stern, nor goblin grim,
Nor giant huge of form and limb,
 Nor heathen knight was there;
But the cressets, which odours flung aloft,
Shew'd, by their yellow light and soft,
 A band of damsels fair.

Onward they came, like summer wave
That dances to the shore;
An hundred voices welcome gave,
And welcome o'er and o'er!
An hundred lovely hands assail
The bucklers of the Monarch's mail,
And busy labour'd to unhasp
Rivet of steel and iron clasp.
One wrapp'd him in a mantle fair,
And one flung odours on his hair;
His short curl'd ringlets one smooth'd down,
One wreath'd them with a myrtle crown.
A bride, upon her wedding-day,
Was tended ne'er by troop so gay.

XVII.

Loud laugh'd they all,—the King, in vain,
With questions task'd the giddy train;
Let him entreat, or crave, or call,
'Twas one reply,—loud laugh'd they all.
Then o'er him mimic chains they fling,
Framed of the fairest flowers of spring.
While some their gentle force unite,
Onward to drag the wondering knight,
Some, bolder, urge his pace with blows,
Dealt with the lily or the rose.
Behind him were in triumph borne
The warlike arms he late had worn.
Four of the train combined to rear
The terrors of Tintadgel's spear;
Two, laughing at their lack of strength,
Dragg'd Caliburn in cumbrous length;

One, while she aped a martial stride,
Placed on her brows the helmet's pride,
Then scream'd, 'twixt laughter and surprise,
To feel its depth o'erwhelm her eyes.
With revel-shout, and triumph-song,
Thus gaily march'd the giddy throng.

XVIII.

Through many a gallery and hall
They led, I ween, their royal thrall;
At length, beneath a fair arcade
Their march and song at once they staid.
The eldest maiden of the band,
 (The lovely maid was scarce eighteen,)
Raised, with imposing air, her hand,
And reverend silence did command,
 On entrance of their Queen;
And they were mute.—But as a glance
They steal on Arthur's countenance
 Bewilder'd with surprise,
Their smother'd mirth again 'gan speak,
In archly dimpled chin and cheek,
 And laughter-lighted eyes.

XIX.

The attributes of those high days
Now only live in minstrel lays;
For Nature, now exhausted, still
Was then profuse of good and ill.
Strength was gigantic, valour high,
And wisdom soar'd beyond the sky,

And beauty had such matchless beam,
As lights not now a lover's dream.
Yet e'en in that romantic age,
 Ne'er were such charms by mortal seen
As Arthur's dazzled eyes engage,
When forth on that enchanted stage,
With glittering train of maid and page,
 Advanced the castle's Queen!
While up the hall she slowly pass'd,
Her dark eye on the King she cast,
 That flash'd expression strong;
The longer dwelt that lingering look,
Her cheek the livelier colour took,
And scarce the shame-faced King could brook
 The gaze that lasted long.
A sage, who had that look espied,
Where kindling passion strove with pride,
 Had whisper'd, "Prince, beware;
From the chafed tiger rend the prey,
Rush on the lion when at bay,
Bar the fell dragon's blighted way,
 But shun that lovely snare!"—

XX.

At once, that inward strife suppress'd,
The dame approach'd her warlike guest,
With greeting in that fair degree,
Where female pride and courtesy
Are blended with such passing art
As awes at once and charms the heart.
A courtly welcome first she gave,
Then of his goodness 'gan to crave

Construction fair and true
Of her light maidens' idle mirth,
Who drew from lonely glens their birth,
Nor knew to pay to stranger worth

And dignity their due;
And then she pray'd that he would rest
That night her castle's honour'd guest.
The Monarch meetly thanks express'd;
The banquet rose at her behest,
With lay and tale, and laugh and jest,
Apace the evening flew.

XXI.

The lady sate the Monarch by,
Now in her turn abash'd and shy,
And with indifference seem'd to hear
The toys he whisper'd in her ear.
Her bearing modest was and fair,
Yet shadows of constraint were there,
That shew'd an over-cautious care

Some inward thought to hide;
Oft did she pause in full reply,
And oft cast down her large dark eye,
Oft check'd the soft voluptuous sigh,

That heaved her bosom's pride.
Slight symptoms these; but shepherds know
How hot the mid-day sun shall glow,

From the mist of morning sky;
And so the wily Monarch guess'd,
That this assumed restraint express'd
More ardent passions in the breast,
Than ventured to the eye.

Closer he press'd, while beakers rang,
While maidens laugh'd and minstrels sang,

Still closer to her ear—

But why pursue the common tale?

Or wherefore shew how knights prevail

When ladies dare to hear?

Or wherefore trace, from what slight cause

Its source one tyrant passion draws,

Till, mastering all within,

Where lives the man that has not tried,

How mirth can into folly glide,

And folly into sin!

END OF CANTO FIRST.

THE
BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

CANTO SECOND.

LYULPH'S TALE CONTINUED.

I.

ANOTHER day, another day,
And yet another glides away!
The Saxon stern, the pagan Dane,
Maraud on Britain's shores again.
Arthur, of Christendom the flower,
Lies loitering in a lady's bower;
The horn, that foemen wont to fear,
Sounds but to wake the Cumbrian deer,
And Caliburn, the British pride,
Hangs useless by a lover's side.

II.

Another day, another day,
And yet another glides away.

Heroic plans in pleasure drown'd,
He thinks not of the Table Round;
In lawless love dissolved his life,
He thinks not of his beauteous wife;
Better he loves to snatch a flower
From bosom of his paramour,
Than from a Saxon knight to wrest
The honours of his heathen crest;
Better to wreath, 'mid tresses brown,
The heron's plume her hawk struck down,
Than o'er the altar give to flow
The banners of a Paynim foe.
Thus, week by week, and day by day,
His life inglorious glides away;
But she, that sooths his dream, with fear
Beholds his hour of waking near.

III.

Much force have mortal charms to stay
Our pace in Virtue's toilsome way;
But Guendolen's might far outshine
Each maid of merely mortal line.
Her mother was of human birth,
Her sire a genie of the earth,
In days of old deem'd to preside
O'er lovers' wiles and beauty's pride,
By youths and virgins worshipp'd long,
With festive dance and choral song,
Till, when the cross to Britain came,
On heathen altars died the flame.
Now, deep in Wastdale's solitude,
The downfall of his rights he rued,

And, born of his resentment heir,
He train'd to guile that lady fair,
To sink in slothful sin and shame
The champions of the Christian name.
Well-skill'd to keep vain thoughts alive,
And all to promise, nought to give,
The timid youth had hope in store,
The bold and pressing gain'd no more.
As wilder'd children leave their home,
After the rainbow's arch to roam,
Her lovers barter'd fair esteem,
Faith, fame, and honour, for a dream.

IV.

Her sire's soft arts the soul to tame
She practised thus—till Arthur came,
Then frail humanity had part,
And all the mother claim'd her heart.
Forgot each rule her father gave,
Sunk from a princess to a slave,
Too late must Guendolen deplore,
He, that has all, can hope no more!
Now, must she see her lover strain,
At every turn, her feeble chain;
Watch, to new-bind each knot, and shrink
To view each fast-decaying link.
Art she invokes to Nature's aid,
Her vest to zone, her locks to braid;
Each varied pleasure heard her call,
The feast, the tourney, and the ball:
Her storied lore she next applies,
Taxing her mind to aid her eyes;

Now more than mortal wise, and then
In female softness sunk again ;
Now, raptured, with each wish complying,
With feign'd reluctance now denying ;
Each charm she varied, to retain
A varying heart—and all in vain !

V.

Thus in the garden's narrow bound,
Flank'd by some castle's Gothic round,
Fain would the artist's skill provide,
The limits of his realm to hide.
The walks in labyrinths he twines,
Shade after shade with skill combines,
With many a varied flowery knot,
And copse and arbour deck the spot,
Tempting the hasty foot to stay,
And linger on the lovely way——
Vain art ! vain hope ! 'tis fruitless all !
At length we reach the bounding wall,
And, sick of flower and trim-dress'd tree,
Long for rough glades and forest free..

VI.

Three summer months had scanty flown,
When Arthur, in embarrass'd tone,
Spoke of his liegemen and his throne ;
Said, all too long had been his stay,
And duties, which a monarch sway,
Duties unknown to humbler men,
Must tear her knight from Guendolen.—

She listen'd silently the while,
Her mood express'd in bitter smile;
Beneath her eye must Arthur quail,
And oft resume the unfinish'd tale,
Confessing, by his downcast eye,
The wrong he sought to justify.
He ceased. A moment mute she gazed,
And then her looks to heaven she raised;
One palm her temples veil'd, to hide
The tear that sprung in spite of pride;
The other for an instant press'd
The foldings of her silken vest!

VII.

At her reproachful sign and look,
The hint the Monarch's conscience took.
Eager he spoke—"No, lady, no!
Deem not of British Arthur so,
Nor think he can deserter prove
To the dear pledge of mutual love.
I swear by sceptre and by sword,
As belted knight and Britain's lord,
That if a boy shall claim my care,
That boy is born a kingdom's heir:
But, if a maiden Fate allows,
To chuse that maid a fitting spouse,
A summer day in lists shall strive
My knights,—the bravest knights alive,—
And he, the best and bravest tried,
Shall Arthur's daughter claim for bride."——
He spoke, with voice resolved and high—
The lady deign'd him not reply.

VIII.

At dawn of morn, ere on the brake
His matins did a warbler make,
Or stirr'd his wing to brush away
A single dew-drop from the spray,
Ere yet a sun-beam, through the mist,
The castle battlements had kiss'd,
The gates revolve, the draw-bridge falls,
And Arthur sallies from the walls.
Doff'd his soft garb of Persia's loom,
And steel from spur to helmet-plume,
His Lybian steed full proudly trode,
And joyful neigh'd beneath his load.
The Monarch gave a passing sigh
To penitence and pleasures by,
When, lo ! to his astonish'd ken
Appear'd the form of Guendolen.

IX.

Beyond the outmost wall she stood,
Attired like huntress of the wood :
Sandall'd her feet, her ancles bare,
And eagle plumage deck'd her hair ;
Firm was her look, her bearing bold,
And in her hand a cup of gold.
« Thou goest ! » she said, « and ne'er again
Must we two meet, in joy or pain.
Full fain would I this hour delay,
Though weak the wish—yet, wilt thou stay ?
No ! thou look'st forward. Still attend,—
Part we like lover and like friend. »

She raised the cup—"Not this the juice
The sluggish vines of earth produce;
Pledge we, at parting, in the draught
Which Genii love!"—she said and quaff'd;
And strange unwonted lustres fly
From her flush'd cheek and sparkling eye.

X.

The courteous Monarch bent him low,
And, stooping down from saddle-bow,
Lifted the cup, in act to drink.

A drop escaped the goblet's brink—
Intense as liquid fire from hell,
Upon the charger's neck it fell.

Screaming with agony and fright,
He bolted twenty feet upright—

—The peasants still can shew the dint,
Where his hoofs lighted on the flint.

From Arthur's hand the goblet flew,
Scattering a shower of fiery dew,
That burn'd and blighted where it fell!

The frantic steed rush'd up the dell,
As whistles from the bow the reed;

Nor bit nor rein could check his speed

Until he gain'd the hill;

Then breath and sinew fail'd apace,
And, reeling from the desperate race,

He stood exhausted, still.

The Monarch, breathless and amazed,

Back on the fatal castle gazed——

Nor tower nor donjon could he spy,

Darkening against the morning sky;

But, on the spot where once they frown'd,
The lonely streamlet brawl'd around
A tufted knoll, where dimly shone
Fragments of rock and rifted stone.
Musing on this strange hap the while,
The King wends back to fair Carlisle;
And cares, that cumber royal sway,
Wore memory of the past away.

XI.

Full fifteen years, and more, were sped,
Each brought new wreaths to Arthur's head.
Twelve bloody fields, with glory fought,
The Saxons to subjection brought;
Rython, the mighty giant, slain
By his good brand, relieved Bretagne;
The Pictish Gillamore in fight,
And Roman Lucius, own'd his might;
And wide were through the world renown'd,
The glories of his Table Round.
Each knight, who sought adventurous fame,
To the bold court of Britain came,
And all who suffer'd causeless wrong,
From tyrant proud or faitour strong,
Sought Arthur's presence to complain,
Nor there for aid implored in vain.

XII.

For this the King, with pomp and pride,
Held solemn court at Whitsuntide,
And summon'd Prince and Peer,

All who owed homage for their land,
Or who craved knighthood from his hand,
Or who had succour to demand,

To come from far and near.

At such high tide, were glee and game
Mingled with feats of martial fame,
For many a stranger champion came

In lists to break a spear;

And not a knight of Arthur's host,
Save that he trod some foreign coast,
But at this feast of Pentecost

Before him must appear.

Ah, Minstrels! when the Table Round
Arose, with all its warriors crown'd,
There was a theme for bards to sound

In triumph to their string!

Five hundred years are past and gone,
But Time shall draw his dying groan,
Ere he behold the British throne

Begirt with such a ring!

XIII.

The heralds named the appointed spot,
As Caerleon or Camelot,

Or Carlisle fair and free.

At Penrith, now, the feast was set,
And in fair Eamont's vale were met

The flower of chivalry.

There Galaad sate with manly grace,
Yet maiden meekness in his face;

There Morolt of the iron mace,

And love-lorn Tristrem there;
And Dinadam with lively glance,
And Lanval with the fairy lance,
And Mordred with his look askaunce,
Brunor and Bevidere.

Why should I tell of numbers more?

Sir Cay, Sir Banier, and Sir Bore,
Sir Carodac the keen,

The gentle Gawain's courteous lore,
Hector de Mares and Pellinore,
And Lancelot, that ever more
Look'd stol'n-wise on the Queen.

XIV.

When wine and mirth did most abound,
And harpers play'd their blithest round,
A shrilly trumpet shook the ground,
And marshals clear'd the ring;
A Maiden, on a palfrey white,
Heading a band of damsels bright,
Paced through the circle, to alight
And kneel before the King.

Arthur, with strong emotion, saw
Her graceful boldness check'd by awe,
Her dress like huntress of the wold,
Her bow and baldrick trapp'd with gold,
Her sandall'd feet, her ancles bare,
And the eagle plume that deck'd her hair.
Graceful her veil she backwards flung——
The King, as from his seat he sprung,
Almost cried, "Guendolen!"

But 'twas a face more frank and wild,
Betwixt the woman and the child,
Where less of magic beauty smiled

Than of the race of men;
And in the forehead's haughty grace,
The lines of Britain's royal race,
Pendragon's, you might ken.

XV.

Faltering, yet gracefully, she said—
“Great Prince! behold an orphan maid,
In her departed mother's name,
A father's vow'd protection claim;
The vow was sworn in desert lone,
In the deep valley of St John.”—

At once the King the suppliant raised,
And kiss'd her brow, her beauty praised;
His vow, he said, should well be kept,
Ere in the sea the sun was dipp'd,—
Then, conscious, glanced upon his queen:
But she, unruffled at the scene,
Of human frailty construed mild,
Look'd upon Lancelot, and smiled.

XVI.

“Up! up! each knight of gallant crest!

Take buckler, spear, and brand!

He that to-day shall bear him best,

Shall win my Gyneth's hand.

And Arthur's daughter, when a bride,

Shall bring a noble dower;

Both fair Strath-Clyde and Reged wide,

And Carlisle town and tower.”—

Then might you hear each valiant knight,
To page and squire that cried,
“Bring my armour bright, and my courser wight!
’Tis not each day that a warrior’s might
May win a royal bride.”—
Then cloaks and caps of maintenance
In haste aside they fling;
The helmets glance, and gleams the lance,
And the steel-weaved hauberks ring.
Small care had they of their peaceful array,
They might gather it that wolde;
For brake and bramble glitter’d gay,
With pearls and cloth of gold.

XVII.

Within trumpet sound of the Table Round
Were fifty champions free,
And they all arise to fight that prize,—
They all arise, but three.
Nor love’s fond troth, nor wedlock’s oath,
One gallant could withhold,
For priests will allow of a broken vow,
For penance or for gold.
But sigh and glance from ladies bright
Among the troop were thrown,
To plead their right, and true-love plight,
And plain of honour flown.
The knights they busied them so fast,
With buckling spur and belt,
That sigh and look by ladies cast,
Were neither seen nor felt.

From pleading, or upbraiding glance,
Each gallant turns aside,
And only thought, « If speeds my lance,
A queen becomes my bride!
She has fair Strath-Clyde, and Reged wide,
And Carlisle tower and town;
She is the loveliest maid, beside,
That ever heir'd a crown.»—
So in haste their coursers they bestride,
And strike their visors down.

XVIII.

The champions, arm'd in martial sort,
Have throng'd into the list,
And but three knights of Arthur's court
Are from the tourney miss'd.
And still these lovers' fame survives
For faith so constant shown,—
There were two who loved their neighbours' wives,
And one who loved his own.
The first was Lancelot De Lac,
The second Tristrem bold,
The third was valiant Carodac,
Who won the cup of gold,
What time, of all King Arthur's crew,
(Thereof came jeer and laugh,)
He as the mate of lady true,
Alone the cup could quaff.
Though envy's tongue would fain surmise,
That, but for very shame,
Sir Carodac, to fight that prize,
Had given both cup and dame.

Yet, since but one of that fair court
Was true to wedlock's shrine,
Brand him who will with base report,—
He shall be free from mine.

XIX.

Now caracol'd the steeds in air,
Now plumes and pennons wanton'd fair,
As all around the lists so wide
In panoply the champions ride.
King Arthur saw, with startled eye,
The flower of chivalry march by,
The bulwark of the Christian creed,
The kingdom's shield in hour of need.
Too late he thought him of the woe
Might from their civil conflict flow :
For well he knew they would not part
Till cold was many a gallant heart.
His hasty vow he 'gan to rue,
And Gyneth then apart he drew ;
To her his leading-staff resign'd,
But added caution grave and kind.

XX.

“ Thou see'st, my child, as promise-bound,
I bid the trump for tourney sound,
Take thou my warder, as the queen
And umpire of the martial scene ;
But mark thou this :—as Beauty bright
Is polar star to valiant knight,
As at her word his sword he draws,
His fairest guerdon her applause,

So gentle maid should never ask
Of knighthood vain and dangerous task ;
And Beauty's eyes should ever be
Like the twin stars that sooth the sea,
And Beauty's breath should whisper peace,
And bid the storm of battle cease.
I tell thee this, lest all too far
These knights urge tourney into war.
Blithe at the trumpet let them go,
And fairly counter blow for blow ;—
No striplings these, who succour need
For a razed helm or falling steed.
But, Gyneth, when the strife grows warm,
And threatens death or deadly harm,
Thy sire entreats, thy king commands,
Thou drop the warder from thy hands.
Trust thou thy father with thy fate,
Doubt not he chuse thee fitting mate ;
Nor be it said, through Gyneth's pride
A rose of Arthur's chaplet died.”—

XXI.

A proud and discontented glow
O'ershadow'd Gyneth's brow of snow ;
 She put the warder by :—
“ Reserve thy boon, my liege,” she said,
“ Thus chaffer'd down and limited,
Debased and narrow'd, for a maid
 Of less degree than I.
No petty chief, but holds his heir
At a more honour'd price and rare

Than Britain's King holds me !
Although the sun-burn'd maid, for dower,
Has but her father's rugged tower,
His barren hill and lee.

King Arthur swore, ' by crown and sword,
' As belted knight, and Britain's lord,
' That a whole summer's day should strive
' His knights, the bravest knights alive !

Recall thine oath ! and to her glen
Poor Gyneth can return agen ;
Not on thy daughter will the stain,
That soils thy sword and crown, remain.

But think not she will e'er be bride
Save to the bravest, proved and tried ;
Pendragon's daughter will not fear
For clashing sword or splinter'd spear,

Nor shrink though blood should flow ;
And all too well sad Guendolen
Hath taught the faithlessness of men,
That child of hers should pity, when
Their meed they undergo."

XXII.

He frown'd and sigh'd, the Monarch bold :—
" I give—what I may not withhold ;
For, not for danger, dread, or death,
Must British Arthur break his faith.
Too late I mark, thy mother's art
Hath taught thee this relentless part.
I blame her not, for she had wrong,
But not to these my faults belong.

Use, then, the warder as thou wilt;
But trust me, that, if life be spilt,
In Arthur's love, in Arthur's grace,
Gyneth shall lose a daughter's place.»
With that he turn'd his head aside,
Nor brook'd to gaze upon her pride,
As, with the truncheon raised, she sate
The arbitress of mortal fate;
Nor brook'd to mark, in ranks disposed,
How the bold champions stood opposed;
For shrill the trumpet-flourish fell
Upon his ear like passing-bell!
Then first from sight of martial fray
Did Britain's hero turn away.

XXIII.

But Gyneth heard the clangour high,
As hears the hawk the partridge-cry.
Oh! blame her not! the blood was hers,
That at the trumpet's summons stirs!—
And e'en the gentlest female eye
Might the brave strife of chivalry
Awhile untroubled view;
So well accomplish'd was each knight,
To strike and to defend in fight,
Their meeting was a goodly sight,
While plate and mail held true.
The lists with painted plumes were strown,
Upon the wind at random thrown,
But helm and breast-plate bloodless shone;
It seem'd their feather'd crests alone

Should this encounter rue.
And ever, as the combat grows,
The trumpet's cheery voice arose,
Like lark's shrill song the flourish flows,
Heard while the gale of April blows
The merry greenwood through.

XXIV.

But soon to earnest grew their game,
The spears drew blood, the swords struck flame,
And, horse and man, to ground there came

Knights who shall rise no more!

Gone was the pride the war that graced,
Gay shields were cleft, and crests defaced,
And steel coats riven, and helms unbraced,
And pennons stream'd with gore.

Gone, too, were fence and fair array,
And desperate strength made deadly way
At random through the bloody fray,
And blows were dealt with headlong sway,
Unheeding where they fell;

And now the trumpet's clamours seem
Like the shrill sea-bird's wailing scream,
Heard o'er the whirlpool's gulphing stream,
The sinking seaman's knell!

XXV.

Seem'd in this dismal hour, that Fate
Would Camlan's ruin antedate,

And spare dark Mordred's crime;

Already gasping on the ground
Lie twenty of the Table Round,
Of chivalry the prime.

Arthur, in anguish, tore away
From head and beard his tresses grey,
And she, proud Gyneth, felt dismay,
 And quaked with ruth and fear;
But still she deem'd her mother's shade
Hung o'er the tumult, and forbade
The sign that had the slaughter staid,
 And chid the rising tear.
Then Brunor, Taulas, Mador, fell,
Helias the White, and Lionel,
 And many a champion more;
Rochemont and Dinadam are down,
And Ferrand of the Forest Brown
 Lies gasping in his gore.
Vanoc, by mighty Morolt press'd
Even to the confines of the list,
Young Vanoc of the beardless face,
(Fame spoke the youth of Merlin's race,)
O'erpower'd at Gyneth's footstool bled,
His heart's blood dyed her sandals red.
But then the sky was overcast,
Then howl'd at once a whirlwind's blast,
 And, rent by sudden throes,
Yawn'd in mid lists the quaking earth,
And from the gulph,—tremendous birth!
 The form of Merlin rose.

XXVI.

Sternly the wizard prophet eyed
The dreary lists with slaughter dyed,
 And sternly raised his hand:—

“Madmen,” he said, “your strife forbear!
And thou, fair cause of mischief, hear

The doom thy fates demand!
Long shall close in stony sleep
Eyes for ruth that would not weep,
Iron lethargy shall seal
Heart that pity scorn’d to feel.
Yet, because thy mother’s art
Warp’d thine unsuspecting heart,
And for love of Arthur’s race,
Punishment is blent with grace,
Thou shalt bear thy penance lone,
In the Valley of Saint John,
And this weird (1) shall overtake thee;—
Sleep, until a knight shall wake thee,
For feats of arms as far renown’d
As warrior of the Table Round.
Long endurance of thy slumber
Well may teach the world to number
All their woes from Gyneth’s pride,
When the Red Cross champions died.”—

XXVII.

As Merlin speaks, on Gyneth’s eye
Slumber’s load begins to lie;
Fear and Anger vainly strive
Still to keep its light alive.
Twice, with effort and with pause,
O’er her brow her hand she draws;

(1) Doom.

Twice her strength in vain she tries,
From the fatal chair to rise;
Merlin's magic doom is spoken,
Vanoc's death must now be wroken.
Slow the dark-fringed eye-lids fall,
Curtaining each azure ball,
Slowly as on summer eves
Violets fold their dusky leaves.
The weighty baton of command
Now bears down her sinking hand,
On her shoulder droops her head;
Net of pearl and golden thread,
Bursting, gave her locks to flow
O'er her arm and breast of snow.
And so lovely seem'd she there,
Spell-bound in her ivory chair,
That her angry sire, repenting,
Craved stern Merlin for relenting,
And the champions, for her sake,
Would again the contest wake;
Till, in necromantic night,
Gyneth vanish'd from their sight.

XXVIII.

Still she bears her weird alone,
In the valley of Saint John;
And her semblance oft will seem
Mingling in a champion's dream,
Of her weary lot to plain,
And crave his aid to burst her chain.
While her wondrous tale was new,
Warriors to her rescue drew,

East and west, and south and north,
From the Liffy, Thames, and Forth.
Most have sought in vain the glen,
Tower nor castle could they ken;
Not at every time or tide,
Nor by every eye, descried.
Fast and vigil must be borne,
Many a night in watching worn,
Ere an eye of mortal powers
Can discern those magic towers.
Of the persevering few,
Some from hopeless task withdrew,
When they read the dismal threat
Graved upon the gloomy gate.
Few have braved the yawning door,
And those few return'd no more.
In the lapse of time forgot,
Well nigh lost is Gyneth's lot;
Sound her sleep as in the tomb,
Till waken'd by the trump of doom.

END OF LYULPH'S TALE.

I.

Here pause, my tale; for all too soon,
My Lucy, comes the hour of noon.
Already from thy lofty dome
Its courtly inmates 'gin to roam,
And each, to kill the goodly day
That God has granted them, his way

Of lazy sauntering has sought;
Lordlings and witlings not a few,
Incapable of doing aught,
Yet ill at ease with nought to do.
Here is no longer place for me;
For, Lucy, thou would'st blush to see
Some phantom, fashionably thin,
With limb of lath and kerchief'd chin,
And lounging gape, or sneering grin,
Steal sudden on our privacy.
And how should I, so humbly born,
Endure the graceful spectre's scorn?
Faith! ill I fear, while conjuring wand
Of English oak is hard at hand.

II.

Or grant the hour be all too soon
For Hessian boot and pantaloon,
And grant the loungee seldom strays
Beyond the smooth and gravell'd maze,
Laud we the gods, that Fashion's train
Holds hearts of more adventurous strain.
Artists are hers, who scorn to trace
Their rules from Nature's boundless grace,
But their right paramount assert
To limit her by pedant art,
Damning whate'er of vast and fair
Exceeds a canvass three feet square.
This thicket, for their *gumption* fit,
May furnish such a happy *bit*.
Bards, too, are hers, wont to recite
Their own sweet lays by waxen light,

Half in the salver's tinkle drown'd,
While the chasse-café glides around;
And such may hither secret stray,
To labour an extempore:
Our sportsman, with his boisterous hollo,
May here his wiser spaniel follow,
Or stage-struck Juliet may presume
To choose this bower for tiring room;
And we alike must shun regard,
From painter, player, sportsman, bard.
Insects that skim in Fashion's sky,
Wasp, blue-bottle, or butterfly,
Lucy, have all alarms for us,
For all can hum and all can buzz.

III.

But oh, my Lucy, say how long
We still must dread this trifling throng,
And stoop to hide, with coward art,
The genuine feelings of the heart!
No parents thine, whose just command
Should rule their child's obedient hand;
Thy guardians, with contending voice,
Press each his individual choice.
And which is Lucy's?—Can it be
That puny fop, trimm'd cap-a-pee,
Who loves in the saloon to shew
The arms that never knew a foe;
Whose sabre trails along the ground,
Whose legs in shapeless boots are drown'd;
A new Achilles, sure,—the steel
Fled from his breast to fence his heel;

One, for the simple manly grace
That wont to deck our martial race,
Who comes in foreign trashery
Of tinkling chain and spur,
A walking haberdashery,
Of feathers, lace, and fur:
In Rowley's antiquated phrase,
Horse-milliner⁽¹⁾ of modern days.

IV.

Or is it he, the wordy youth,
So early train'd for statesman's part,
Who talks of honour, faith, and truth,
As themes that he has got by heart;
Whose ethics Chesterfield can teach,
Whose logic is from Single-speech;
Who scorns the meanest thought to vent,
Save in the phrase of Parliament;
Who, in a tale of cat and mouse,
Calls "order," and "divides the house,"
Who "craves permission to reply,"
Whose "noble friend is in his eye;"
Whose loving tender some have reckon'd
A *motion*, you should gladly *second*?

V.

What, neither? Can there be a third,
To such resistless swains preferr'd?—

(1) "The trammels of the palfraye pleased his sight,
And the horse-millanere his head with roses dight."

ROWLEY'S *Ballads of Charitie*.

O why, my Lucy, turn aside,
With that quick glance of injured pride?
Forgive me, love, I cannot bear
That alter'd and resentful air.
Were all the wealth of Russel mine,
And all the rank of Howard's line,
All would I give for leave to dry
That dew-drop trembling in thine eye.
Think not I fear such fops can wile
From Lucy more than careless smile;
But yet if wealth and high degree
Give gilded counters currency,
Must I not fear, when rank and birth
Stamp the pure ore of genuine worth?
Nobles there are, whose martial fires
Rival the fame that raised their sires,
And patriots, skill'd through storms of fate
To guide and guard the reeling state.
Such, such there are—if such should come,
Arthur must tremble and be dumb,
Self-exiled seek some distant shore,
And mourn till life and grief are o'er.

VI.

What sight, what signal of alarm,
That Lucy clings to Arthur's arm?
Or is it, that the rugged way
Makes Beauty lean on lover's stay?
Oh, no! for on the vale and brake,
Nor sight nor sounds of danger wake,

And this trim sward of velvet green
Were carpet for the fairy queen.
That pressure slight was but to tell,
That Lucy loves her Arthur well,
And fain would banish from his mind
Suspicious fear and doubt unkind.

VII.

But would'st thou bid the demons fly
Like mist before the dawning sky,
There is but one resistless spell—
Say, wilt thou guess, or must I tell?
'Twere hard to name in minstrel phrase,
A laundaulet and four blood-bays,
But bards agree this wizard band
Can but be bound in Northern Land.
'Tis there—nay, draw not back thy hand!—
'Tis there this slender finger round
Must golden amulet be bound,
Which, bless'd with many a holy prayer,
Can change to rapture lover's care,
And doubt and jealousy shall die,
And fears give place to ecstasy.

VIII.

Now, trust me, Lucy, all too long
Has been thy lover's tale and song.
O why so silent, love, I pray?
Have I not spoke the livelong day?
And will not Lucy deign to say

One word her friend to bless?
I ask but one—a simple sound,
Within three little letters bound,
O let the word be YES!

END OF CANTO SECOND.

THE
BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

CANTO THIRD.

INTRODUCTION.

I.

LONG loved, long woo'd, and lately won,
My life's best hope, and now mine own!
Doth not this rude and Alpine glen
Recall our favourite haunts agen?
A wild resemblance we can trace,
Though reft of every softer grace,
As the rough warrior's brow may bear
A likeness to a sister fair.
Full well advised our Highland host,
That this wild pass on foot be cross'd,
While round Ben-Cruach's mighty base
Wheel the slow steeds and lingering chaise.
The keen old carle, with Scottish pride,
He praised his glen and mountains wide;

An eye he bears for nature's face,
Aye, and for woman's lovely grace.
Even in such mean degree we find
The subtle Scot's observing mind;
For, nor the chariot nor the train
Could gape of vulgar wonder gain,
But when old Allan would expound
Of Beal-na-paish (1) the Celtic sound,
His bonnet doff'd, and bow, applied
His legend to my bonny bride;
While Lucy blush'd beneath his eye,
Courteous and cautious, shrewd and sly.

II.

Enough of him.—Now, ere we lose,
Plunged in the vale, the distant views,
Turn thee, my love! look back once more
To the blue lake's retiring shore.
On its smooth breast the shadows seem
Like objects in a morning dream,
What time the slumberer is aware
He sleeps, and all the vision's air:
Even so, on yonder liquid lawn,
In hues of bright reflection drawn,
Distinct the shaggy mountains lie,
Distinct the rocks, distinct the sky;
The summer clouds so plain we note,
That we might count each dappled spot:
We gaze and we admire, yet know
The scene is all delusive shew.

(1) Beal-na-paish, the Vale of the Bridal.

Such dreams of bliss would Arthur draw,
When first his Lucy's form he saw;
Yet sigh'd and sicken'd as he drew,
Despairing they could e'er prove true!

III.

But, Lucy, turn thee now, to view
Up the fair glen our destined way:
The fairy path that we pursue,
Distinguish'd but by greener hue,
Winds round the purple brae,
While Alpine flowers of varied dye
For carpet serve or tapestry.
See how the little runnels leap,
In threads of silver, down the steep,
To swell the brooklet's moan!
Seems that the Highland Naiad grieves,
Fantastic while her crown she weaves,
Of rowan, birch, and alder-leaves,
So lovely, and so lone.
There's no illusion there; these flowers,
That wailing brook, these lovely bowers,
Are, Lucy, all our own;
And, since thine Arthur call'd thee wife,
Such seems the prospect of his life,
A lovely path, on-winding still,
By gurgling brook and sloping hill.
'Tis true that mortals cannot tell
What waits them in the distant dell;
But be it hap, or be it harm,
We tread the path-way arm in arm.

IV.

And now, my Lucy, wot'st thou why
I could thy bidding twice deny,
When twice you pray'd I would again
Resume the legendary strain
Of the bold Knight of Triermain?
At length yon peevish vow you swore,
That you would sue to me no more,
Until the minstrel fit drew near,
And made me prize a listening ear.
But, loveliest, when thou first didst pray
Continuance of the knightly lay,
Was it not on the happy day

That made thy hand mine own?

When, dizzied with mine ecstasy,
Nought past, or present, or to be,
Could I or think on, hear, or see,

Save, Lucy, thee alone!

A giddy draught my rapture was,
As ever chemist's magic gas.

V.

Again the summons I denied
In yon fair capital of Clyde;
My Harp—or let me rather chuse
The good old classic form—my Muse,
(For Harp's an over-scutched phrase,
Worn out by bards of modern days,)
My Muse, then—seldom will she wake
Save by dim wood and silent lake.

She is the wild and rustic Maid,
Whose foot unsandall'd loves to tread
Where the soft green-sward is inlaid
 With varied moss and thyme;
And, lest the simple lily-braid,
That coronets her temples, fade,
She hides her still in greenwood shade,
 To meditate her rhyme.

VI.

And now she comes! The murmur dear
Of the wild brook hath caught her ear.

 The glade hath won her eye;
She longs to join with each blithe rill
That dances down the Highland hill,
 Her blither melody.

And now, my Lucy's way to cheer,
She bids Ben-Cruach's echoes hear
How closed the tale, my love whilere
 Loved for its chivalry.

List how she tells, in notes of flame,
"Child Roland to the dark tower came!"

THE
BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

BEWCASTLE now must keep the Hold,
Speir-Adam's steeds must bide in stall,
Of Hartley-burn the bowmen bold
Must only shoot from battled wall;
And Liddesdale may buckle spur,
And Teviot now may belt the brand,
Tarras and Ewes keep nightly stir,
And Eskdale foray Cumberland.
Of wasted fields and plunder'd flocks
The Borderers bootless may complain;
They lack the sword of brave De Vaux,
There comes no aid from Triermain.
That lord, on high adventure bound,
Hath wander'd forth alone,
And day and night keeps watchful round
In the valley of Saint John.

II.

When first began his vigil bold,
The moon twelve summer nights was old,
 And shone both fair and full;
High in the vault of cloudless blue,
O'er streamlet, dale, and rock, she threw
 Her light composed and cool.
Stretch'd on the brown hill's heathy breast,
 Sir Roland eyed the vale;
Chief, where, distinguish'd from the rest,
Those clustering rocks uprear'd their crest,
The dwelling of the fair distress'd,
 As told grey Lyulph's tale.
Thus as he lay, the lamp of night
Was quivering on his armour bright,
 In beams that rose and fell,
And danced upon his buckler's boss,
That lay beside him on the moss,
 As on a crystal well.

III.

Ever he watch'd, and oft he deem'd,
While on the mound the moonlight stream'd,
 It alter'd to his eyes;
Fain would he hope the rocks 'gan change
To buttress'd walls their shapeless range,
Fain think, by transmutation strange,
 He saw grey turrets rise.
But scarce his heart with hope throbb'd high,
Before the wild illusions fly,
 Which fancy had conceived,
Abetted by an anxious eye
 That long'd to be deceived.

It was a fond deception all,
Such as, in solitary hall,
 Beguiles the musing eye,
When, gazing on the sinking fire,
Bulwark and battlement and spire
 In the red gulph we spy.

For, seen by moon of middle night,
Or by the blaze of noontide bright,
Or by the dawn of morning light,
 Or evening's western flame,
In every tide, at every hour,
In mist, in sunshine, and in shower,
 The rocks remain'd the same.

IV.

Oft has he traced the charmed mound,
Oft climb'd its crest, or paced it round,
 Yet nothing might explore,
Save that the crags so rudely piled,
At distance seen, resemblance wild
 To a rough fortress bore.
Yet still his watch the Warrior keeps,
Feeds hard and spare, and seldom sleeps,
 And drinks but of the well;
Ever by day he walks the hill,
And when the evening gale is chill,
 He seeks a rocky cell,
Like hermit poor to bid his bead,
And tell his Ave and his Creed,
Invoking every Saint at need,
 For aid to burst the spell.

V.

And now the moon her orb has hid,
And dwindled to a silver thread,
 Dim seen in middle heaven,
While o'er its curve careering fast,
Before the fury of the blast,
 The midnight clouds are driven.
The brooklet raved, for on the hills
The upland showers had swoll'n the rills,
 And down the torrents came;
Mutter'd the distant thunder dread,
And frequent o'er the vale was spread
 A sheet of lightning flame.
De Vaux, within his mountain cave,
(No human step the storm durst brave,)
To moody meditation gave
 Each faculty of soul,
Till, lull'd by distant torrent-sound,
And the sad wind that whistled round,
Upon his thoughts, in musing drown'd,
 A broken slumber stole.

VI.

'Twas then was heard a heavy sound,
 (Sound strange and fearful there to hear,
'Mongst desert hills, where, leagues around,
 Dwelt but the gor-cock and the deer:)
As starting from his couch of fern,
Again he heard, in clangour stern,
 That deep and solemn swell,
Twelve times, in measured tone, it spoke
Like some proud minster's pealing clock,
 Or city's larum-bell.

What thought was Roland's first when fell,
In that deep wilderness, the knell

 Upon his startled ear?
To slander warrior were I loth,
Yet must I hold my minstrel troth,—
 It was a thought of fear.

VII.

But lively was the mingled thrill
That chased that momentary chill;

 For love's keen wish was there,
And eager hope, and valour high,
And the proud glow of chivalry,
 That burn'd to do and dare.

Forth from the cave the Warrior rush'd,
Long ere the mountain-voice was hush'd,

 That answer'd to the knell;
For long and far the unwonted sound,
Eddying in echoes round and round,
 Was toss'd from fell to fell;

And Glaramara answer flung,
And Grisdale-pike responsive rung,
And Legbert heights their echoes swung,
 As far as Derwent's dell.

VIII.

Forth upon trackless darkness gazed
The Knight, bedeaften'd and amazed,

 Till all was hush'd and still,
Save the swell'd torrent's sullen roar,
And the night-blast that wildly bore
 Its course along the hill,

Then on the northern sky there came
A light, as of reflected flame,
 And over Legbert-head,
As if by magic art controll'd,
A mighty meteor slowly roll'd
 Its orb of fiery red;

Thou would'st have thought some demon dire
Came mounted on that car of fire,
 To do his errand dread.

Far on the sloping valley's course.
On thicket, rock, and torrent hoarse,
Shingle and scrae, (1) and fell and force, (2)

 A dusky light arose:
Display'd, yet alter'd was the scene;
Dark rock, and brook of silver sheen,
E'en the gay thicket's summer green,
 In bloody tincture glows.

IX.

De Vaux had mark'd the sun-beams set,
At eve, upon the coronet
 Of that enchanted mound,
And seen but crags at random flung,
That, o'er the brawling torrent hung,
 In desolation frown'd.

What sees he by that meteor's lour?—
A banner'd Castle, Keep, and Tower,
 Return the lurid gleam,
With battled walls and buttress fast,

(1) Bank of loose stones.

(2) Water-fall.

And barbican (1) and ballium (2) vast,
And airy flanking towers, that cast
 Their shadows on the stream.

'Tis no deceit; distinctly clear
Crenell (3) and parapet appear,
While o'er the pile that meteor drear
 Makes momentary pause;
Then forth its solemn path it drew,
And fainter yet and fainter grew
Those gloomy towers upon the view,
 As its wild light withdraws.

X.

Forth from the cave did Roland rush,
O'er crag and stream, through briar and bush;
 Yet far he had not sped,
Ere sunk was that portentous light
Behind the hills, and utter night
 Was on the valley spread.
He paused perforce,—and blew his horn;
And on the mountain-echoes borne
 Was heard an answering sound,
A wild and lonely trumpet-note,—
In middle air it seem'd to float
 High o'er the battled mound;
And sounds were heard, as when a guard
Of some proud castle holding ward,
 Pace forth their nightly round.

(1) The outer defence of the castle-gate.

(2) Fortified court.

(3) Apertures for shooting arrows.

The valiant Knight of Triermain
Rung forth his challenge-blast again,
 But answer came there none;
And 'mid the mingled wind and rain,
Darkling he sought the vale in vain,
 Until the dawning shone;
And when it dawn'd, that wondrous sight,
Distinctly seen by meteor-light,
 It all had pass'd away!
And that enchanted mound once more
A pile of granite fragments bore,
 As at the close of day.

XI.

Steel'd for the deed, De Vaux's heart
Scorn'd from his venturous quest to part,
 He walks the vale once more;
But only sees, by night or day,
That shatter'd pile of rocks so grey,
 Hears but the torrent's roar.
Till when, through hills of azure borne,
The moon renew'd her silver horn,
Just at the time her waning ray
Had faded in the dawning day,
 A summer mist arose;
Adown the vale the vapours float,
And cloudy undulations moat
That tufted mound of mystic note,
 As round its base they close.
And higher now the fleecy tide
Ascends its stern and shaggy side,
Until the airy billows hide

The rock's majestic isle;
It seem'd a veil of filmy lawn,
By some fantastic fairy drawn
Around enchanted pile.

XII.

The breeze came softly down the brook,
And, sighing as it blew,
The veil of silver mist it shook,
And to De Vaux's eager look

Renew'd that wondrous view.
For, though the loitering vapour braved
The gentle breeze, yet oft it waved
Its mantle's dewy fold;

And, still, when shook that filmy screen,
Were towers and bastions dimly seen,
And Gothic battlements between

Their gloomy length unroll'd.
Speed, speed, De Vaux, ere on thine eye
Once more the fleeting vision die!

—The gallant Knight can speed
As prompt and light as, when the hound
Is opening, and the horn is wound,
Careers the hunter's steed.

Down the steep dell his course amain

Hath rivall'd archer's shaft;
But ere the mound he could attain,
The rocks their shapeless form regain,
And mocking loud his labour vain,

The mountain spirits laugh'd.
Far up the echoing dell was borne
Their wild unearthly shout of scorn.

XIII.

Wroth wax'd the Warrior.—“Am I then
Fool'd by the enemies of men,
Like a poor hind, whose homeward way
Is haunted by malicious fay?
Is Triermain become your taunt,
De Vaux your scorn? False fiends, avaunt!”
A weighty curtail-axe he bare;
The baleful blade so bright and square,
And the tough shaft of heben wood,
Were oft in Scottish gore embrued.
Backward his stately form he drew,
And at the rocks the weapon threw,
Just where one crag's projected crest
Hung proudly balanced o'er the rest.
Hurl'd with main force, the weapon's shock
Rent a huge fragment of the rock.
If by mere strength 'twere hard to tell,
Or if the blow dissolved some spell,
But down the headlong ruin came,
With cloud of dust and flash of flame.
Down bank, o'er bush, its course was borne,
Crush'd lay the copse, the earth was torn,
Till, staid at length, the ruin dread
Cumber'd the torrent's rocky bed,
And bade the waters' high-swoll'n tide
Seek other passage for its pride.

XIV.

When ceased that thunder, Triermain
Survey'd the mound's rude front again;

And lo! the ruin had laid bare,
Hewn in the stone, a winding stair,
Whose moss'd and fractured steps might lend
The means the summit to ascend;
And by whose aid the brave De Vaux
Began to scale these magic rocks,
 And soon a platform won,
Where, the wild witchery to close,
Within three lances' length arose
 The Castle of St John!
No misty phantom of the air,
No meteor-blazon'd show was there;
In morning splendour, full and fair,
 The massive fortress shone.

XV.

Embattled high and proudly tower'd,
Shaded by pond'rous flankers, lower'd
 The portal's gloomy way.
Though for six hundred years and more,
Its strength had brook'd the tempest's roar,
The scutcheon'd emblems that it bore
 Had suffer'd no decay;
But from the eastern battlement
A turret had made sheer descent,
And down in recent ruin rent,
 In the mid torrent lay.
Else, o'er the Castle's brow sublime,
Insults of violence or of time
 Unfelt had pass'd away.
In shapeless characters of yore,
The gate this stern inscription bore.

XVI.

INSCRIPTION.

« Patience waits the destined day,
Strength can clear the cumber'd way.
Warrior, who hast waited long,
Firm of soul, of sinews strong,
It is given to thee to gaze
On the pile of ancient days.
Never mortal builder's hand
This enduring fabric plann'd;
Sign and sigil, word of power,
From the earth raised keep and tower.
View it o'er, and pace it round,
Rampart, turret, battled mound.
Dare no more! to cross the gate
Were to tamper with thy fate;
Strength and fortitude were vain!
View it o'er—and turn again.»

XVII.

« That would I,» said the Warrior bold,
« If that my frame were bent and old,
And my thin blood dropp'd slow and cold
As icicle in thaw;
But while my heart can feel it dance,
Blithe as the sparkling wine of France,
And this good arm wields sword or lance,
I mock these words of awe!»
He said; the wicket felt the sway
Of his strong hand, and straight gave way,
And with rude crash and jarring bray,
The rusty bolts withdraw;

But o'er the threshold as he strode,
And forward took the vaulted road,
An unseen arm with force amain
The ponderous gate flung close again,
 And rusted bolt and bar
Spontaneous took their place once more,
While the deep arch with sullen roar
 Return'd their surly jar.
"Now closed is the gin and the prey within,
 By the rood of Lanercost!
But he that would win the war-wolf's skin,
 May rue him of his boast." —
Thus muttering, on the Warrior went,
By dubious light down steep descent.

XVIII.

Unbarr'd, unlock'd, unwatch'd, a port
Led to the Castle's outer court:
There the main fortress, broad and tall,
Spread its long range of bower and hall,
 And towers of varied size,
Wrought with each ornament extreme,
That Gothic art, in wildest dream
 Of fancy, could devise.
But full between the Warrior's way
And the main portal-arch, there lay
 An inner moat;
 Nor bridge nor boat
Affords De Vaux the means to cross
The clear, profound, and silent fosse.
His arms aside in haste he flings,
Cuirass of steel and hauberk rings,

And down falls helm, and down the shield,
Rough with the dints of many a field.
Fair was his manly form, and fair
His keen dark eye, and close-curl'd hair,
When,—all unarm'd, save that the brand
Of well-proved metal graced his hand,
With nought to fence his dauntless breast
But the close gipon's (1) under-vest,
Whose sullied buff the sable stains
Of hauberk and of mail retains,—
Roland De Vaux upon the brim
Of the broad moat stood prompt to swim.

XIX.

Accouter'd thus he dared the tide,
And soon he reach'd the farther side,
 And enter'd soon the hold,
And paced a hall, whose walls so wide
Were blazon'd all with feats of pride,
 By warriors done of old.
In middle lists they counter'd here,
 While trumpets seem'd to blow;
And there, in den or desert drear,
 They quell'd gigantic foe,
Braved the fierce griffon in his ire,
Or faced the dragon's breath of fire.
Strange in their arms, and strange in face,
Heroes they seem'd of ancient race,
Whose deeds of arms, and race, and name,
Forgotten long by latter fame,

(1) A sort of doublet, worn beneath the armour.

Were here depicted to appal
Those of an age degenerate,
Whose bold intrusion braved their fate
In this enchanted hall.
For some short space, the venturous Knight
With these high marvels fed his sight;
Then sought the chamber's upper end,
Where three broad easy steps ascend
To an arch'd portal door,
In whose broad folding leaves of state
Was framed a wicket window-grate;
And ere he ventur'd more,
The gallant Knight took earnest view
The grated wicket-window through.

XX.

Oh for his arms! Of martial weed
Had never mortal Knight such need!—
He spied a stately gallery; all
Of snow-white marble was the wall,
The vaulting, and the floor;
And, contrast strange! on either hand
There stood array'd in sable band
Four Maids whom Afric bore;
And each a Lybian tiger led,
Held by as bright and frail a thread
As Lucy's golden hair;
For the leash that bound these monsters dread
Was but of gossamer.
Each Maiden's short barbaric vest
Left all unclosed the knee and breast,
And limbs of shapely jet;

White was their vest and turban's fold,
On arms and ancles rings of gold

 In savage pomp were set;
A quiver on their shoulders lay,
And in their hand an assagay.

Such and so silent stood they there,

 That Roland well nigh hoped,
He saw a band of statues rare,
Station'd the gazer's soul to scare;

 But, when the wicket oped,
Each grisly beast 'gan upward draw,
Roll'd his grim eye, and spread his claw,
Scented the air, and lick'd his jaw;
While these weird Maids, in Moorish tongue,
A wild and dismal warning sung.

XXI.

“Rash adventurer, bear thee back!

 Dread the spell of Dahomay!

Fear the race of Zaharak,

 Daughters of the burning day!

“When the whirlwind's gusts are wheeling,

 Our's it is the dance to braid;

Zarah's sands in pillars reeling,

 Join the measure that we tread,

When the Moon hath don'd her cloak,

 And the stars are red to see,

Shrill when pipes the sad Siroc,

 Music meet for such as we.

“ Where the shatter’d columns lie,
Shewing Carthage once had been,
If the wandering Santon’s eye
Our mysterious rites hath seen,—
Oft he cons the prayer of death,
To the nations preaches doom,
‘ Azrael’s brand hath left the sheath!
Moslems, think upon the tomb!’—

“ Our’s the scorpion, our’s the snake,
Our’s the hydra of the fen,
Our’s the tiger of the brake,
All that plagues the sons of men.
Our’s the tempest’s midnight wrack,
Pestilence that wastes by day—
Dread the race of Zaharak!
Fear the spell of Dahomay!”—

XXII.

Uncouth and strange the accents shrill
Rung those vaulted roofs among,
Long it was ere, faint and still,
Died the far-resounding song.
While yet the distant echoes roll,
The Warrior communed with his soul.
“ When first I took this venturous quest,
I swore upon the rood,
Neither to stop, nor turn, nor rest,
For evil or for good.
My forward path, too well I ween,
Lies yonder fearful ranks between;

For man unarm'd, 'tis bootless hope
With tigers and with fiends to cope—
Yet, if I turn, what waits me there,
Save famine dire and fell despair?—
Other conclusion let me try,
Since, chuse howe'er I list, I die.
Forward, lies faith and knightly fame;
Behind, are perjury and shame.
In life or death I hold my word:—
With that he drew his trusty sword,
Caught down a banner from the wall,
And enter'd thus the fearful hall.

XXIII.

On high each wayward Maiden threw
Her swarthy arm, with wild halloo!
On either side a tiger sprung—
Against the leftward foe he flung
The ready banner, to engage
With tangling folds the brutal rage;
The right-hand monster in mid air
He struck so fiercely and so fair,
Through gullet and through spinal bone
The trenchant blade hath sheerly gone.
His grisly brethren ramp'd and yell'd,
But the slight leash their rage withheld,
Whilst, 'twixt their ranks, the dangerous road
Firmly, though swift, the champion strode.
Safe to the gallery's bound he drew,
Safe pass'd an open portal through;
And when 'gainst followers he flung
The gate, judge if the echoes rung!

Onward his daring course he bore,
While, mix'd with dying growl and roar,
Wild jubilee and loud hurra
Pursued him on his venturous way.

XXIV.

« Hurra, hurra! Our watch is done!
We hail once more the tropic sun.
Pallid beams of northern day,
Farewell, farewell! Hurra, hurra!

« Five hundred years o'er this cold glen
Hath the pale sun come round agen;
Foot of man, till now, hath ne'er
Dared to cross the Hall of Fear.

« Warrior! thou, whose dauntless heart
Gives us from our ward to part,
Be as strong in future trial,
Where resistance is denial.

« Now for Afric's glowing sky,
Zwenga wide and Atlas high,
Zaharak and Dahomay!——
Mount the winds! Hurra, hurra!»—

XXV.

The wizard song at distance died
As if in ether borne astray,
While through waste halls and chambers wide
The Knight pursued his steady way,

Till to a lofty dome he came,
That flash'd with such a brilliant flame,
As if the wealth of all the world
Were there in rich confusion hurl'd.
For here the gold, in sandy heaps,
With duller earth incorporate sleeps;
Was there in ingots piled, and there
Coin'd badge of empery it bare;
Yonder, huge bars of silver lay,
Dimm'd by the diamond's neighbouring ray,
Like the pale moon in morning day;
And in the midst four Maidens stand,
The daughters of some distant land.
Their hue was of the dark-red dye,
That fringes oft a thunder-sky;
Their hands palmetto baskets bare,
And cotton fillets bound their hair;
Slim was their form, their mien was shy,
To earth they bent the humbled eye,
Folded their arms, and suppliant kneel'd,
And thus their proffer'd gifts reveal'd.

XXVI.

CHORUS.

« See the treasures Merlin piled,
Portion meet for Arthur's child.
Bathe in Wealth's unbounded stream,
Wealth that Avarice ne'er could dream ! »

FIRST MAIDEN.

« See these clots of virgin gold !
Sever'd from the sparry mould,

Nature's mystic alchemy
In the mine thus bade them lie;
And their orient smile can win
Kings to stoop, and saints to sin."

SECOND MAIDEN.

" See these pearls that long have slept;
These were tears by Naiads wept
For the loss of Marinel.
Tritons in the silver shell
Treasured them, till hard and white
As the teeth of Amphitrite."—

THIRD MAIDEN.

" Does a livelier hue delight?
Here are rubies blazing bright,
Here the emerald's fairy green,
And the topaz glows between;
Here their varied hues unite
In the changeful chrysolite."—

FOURTH MAIDEN.

" Leave these gems of poorer shine,
Leave them all, and look on mine!
While their glories I expand,
Shade thine eye-brows with thy hand.
Mid-day sun and diamond's blaze
Blind the rash beholder's gaze."—

CHORUS.

" Warrior, seize the splendid store:
Would 'twere all our mountains bore!

We should ne'er, in future story,
Read, Peru, thy perish'd glory!"——

XXVII.

Calmly and unconcern'd the Knight
Waved aside the treasures bright:
"Gentle Maidens, rise, I pray!
Bar not thus my destined way.
Let these boasted brilliant toys
Braid the hair of girls and boys!
Bid your streams of gold expand
O'er proud London's thirsty land.
De Vaux of wealth saw never need,
Save to purvey him arms and steed,
And all the ore he deign'd to hoard
Inlays his helm, and hilts his sword."——
Thus gently parting from their hold,
He left, unmoved, the dome of gold.

XXVIII.

And now the morning sun was high,
De Vaux was weary, faint, and dry;
When lo! a plashing sound he hears,
A gladsome signal that he nears
 Some frolic water-run;
And soon he reach'd a court-yard square,
Where dancing in the sultry air,
Toss'd high aloft, a fountain fair
 Was sparkling in the sun.
On right and left, a fair arcade
In long perspective view display'd
Alleys and bowers, for sun or shade;

But, full in front, a door,
Low-brow'd and dark, seem'd as it led
To the lone dwelling of the dead,
Whose memory was no more.
Here stopp'd De Vaux an instant's space,
To bathe his parched lips and face,
And mark'd with well-pleased eye,
Refracted on the fountain stream,
In rainbow hues, the dazzling beam
Of that gay summer sky.
His senses felt a mild controul,
Like that which lulls the weary soul,
From contemplation high
Relaxing, when the ear receives
The music that the greenwood leaves
Make to the breezes' sigh.

XXIX.

And oft in such a dreamy mood,
The half-shut eye can frame
Fair apparitions in the wood,
As if the nymphs of field and flood
In gay procession came.
Are these of such fantastic mould,
Seen distant down the fair arcade,
These Maids enlink'd in sister-fold,
Who, late at bashful distance staid,
Now tripping from the greenwood shade,
Nearer the musing champion draw,
And, in a pause of seeming awe,
Again stand doubtful now?—

Ah, that sly pause of witching powers!
That seems to say, "To please be ours,
Be yours to tell us how."

Their hue was of the golden glow
That suns of Candahar bestow,
O'er which in slight suffusion flows
A frequent tinge of paly rose;
Their limbs were fashion'd fair and free,
In nature's justest symmetry,
And wreath'd with flowers, with odours graced,
Their raven ringlets reach'd the waist;
In eastern pomp, its gilding pale
The hennah lent each shapely nail,
And the dark sumah gave the eye
More liquid and more lustrous dye.
The spotless veil of misty lawn,
In studied disarrangement, drawn
The form and bosom o'er,
To win the eye, or tempt the touch,
For modesty shew'd all too much—
Too much—yet promised more.

XXX.

"Gentle Knight, awhile delay,"
Thus they sung, "thy toilsome way,
While we pay the duty due
To our Master and to you.
Over Avarice, over Fear,
Love triumphant led thee here;
Warrior, list to us, for we
Are slaves to Love, are friends to thee.

“ Though no treasured gems have we,
To proffer on the bended knee,
Though we boast nor arm nor heart,
For the assagay or dart,
Swains have given each simple girl
Ruby lip and teeth of pearl;
Or, if dangers more you prize,
Flatterers find them in our eyes.

“ Stay, then, gentle Warrior, stay,
Rest till evening steal on day;
Stay, O stay!—in yonder bowers
We will braid thy locks with flowers,
Spread the feast and fill the wine,
Charm thy ear with sounds divine,
Weave our dances till delight
Yield to languor, day to night.

“ Then shall she you most approve,
Sing the lays that best you love,
Soft thy mossy couch shall spread,
Watch thy pillow, prop thy head,
Till the weary night be o’er—
Gentle Warrior, would’st thou more?
Would’st thou more, fair Warrior,—she
Is slave to Love and slave to thee.”—

XXXI.

O do not hold it for a crime
In the bold hero of my rhyme,

For stoic look,
And meet rebuke,
He lack'd the heart or time;
As round the band of syrens trip,
He kiss'd one damsel's laughing lip,
And press'd another's proffer'd hand,
Spoke to them all in accents bland,
But broke their magic circle through;
« Kind Maids, » he said, « adieu, adieu !
My fate, my fortune, forward lies. » —
He said, and vanish'd from their eyes;
But, as he dared that darksome way,
Still heard behind their lovely lay:
« Fair Flower of Courtesy, depart !
Go, where the feelings of the heart
With the warm pulse in concord move :
Go, where Virtue sanctions Love ! » —

XXXII.

Downward De Vaux through darksome ways
And ruin'd vaults has gone,
Till issue from their wilder'd maze,
Or safe retreat, seem'd none;
And e'en the dismal path he strays
Grew worse as he went on.
For cheerful sun, for living air,
Foul vapours rise and mine-fires glare,
Whose fearful light the dangers show'd
That dogg'd him on that dreadful road.
Deep pits, and lakes of waters dun,
They shew'd, but shew'd not how to shun.

These scenes of desolate despair,
These smothering clouds of poison'd air,
How gladly had De Vaux exchanged,
Though 'twere to face yon tigers ranged!

Nay, soothful bards have said,
So perilous his state seem'd now,
He wish'd him under arbour bough

With Asia's willing maid.
When, joyful sound! at distance near
A trumpet flourish'd loud and clear,
And, as it ceased, a lofty lay
Seem'd thus to chide his lagging way.

XXXIII.

« Son of Honour, theme of story,
Think on the reward before ye!
Danger, darkness, toil despise;
'Tis Ambition bids thee rise.

« He that would her heights ascend,
Many a weary step must wend;
Hand and foot and knee he tries:
Thus Ambition's minions rise.

« Lag not now, though rough the way,
Fortune's mood brooks no delay;
Grasp the boon that's spread before ye,
Monarch's power, and Conqueror's glory!»—

It ceased. Advancing on the sound,
A steep ascent the Wanderer found,

And then a turret stair :
Nor climb'd he far its steepy round
Till fresher blew the air,
And next a welcome glimpse was given,
That cheer'd him with the light of heaven.

At length his toil had won
A lofty hall with trophies dress'd,
Where, as to greet imperial guest,
Four maidens stood, whose crimson vest
Was bound with golden zone.

XXXIV.

Of Europe seem'd the damsels all ;
The first a nymph of lively Gaul,
Whose easy step and laughing eye
Her borrow'd air of awe belie ;

The next a maid of Spain,
Dark-eyed, dark-hair'd, sedate, yet bold ;
White ivory skin and tress of gold,
Her shy and bashful comrade told

For daughter of Almaine.

These Maidens bore a royal robe,
With crown, with sceptre, and with globe,
Emblems of empery ;

The fourth a space behind them stood,
And leant upon a harp, in mood
Of minstrel ecstasy.

Of merry England she, in dress
Like ancient British druidess ;
Her hair an azure fillet bound,
Her graceful vesture swept the ground,

And, in her hand display'd,
A crown did that fourth Maiden hold,
But unadorn'd with gems and gold,
Of glossy laurel made.

XXXV.

At once to brave De Vaux knelt down
These foremost Maidens three,
And proffer'd sceptre, robe, and crown,
Liegedom and seignorie
O'er many a region wide and fair,
Destined, they said, for Arthur's heir;
But homage would he none:—
“Rather,” he said, “De Vaux would ride
A warder of the Border-side,
In plate and mail, than, robed in pride,
A monarch's empire own;
Rather, far rather, would he be
A free-born Knight of England free,
Than sit on Despot's throne.”
So pass'd he on, when that fourth Maid,
As starting from a trance,
Upon the harp her finger laid;
Her magic touch the chords obey'd,
Their soul awaked at once!

SONG OF THE FOURTH MAIDEN.

“Quake to your foundations deep,
Stately Tower, and banner'd Keep,
Bid your vaulted echoes moan,
As the dreaded step they own.

“ Fiends, that wait on Merlin’s spell,
Hear the foot-fall ! mark it well !
Spread your dusky wings abroad,
Boune ye for your homeward road.

“ It is *HIS*, the first who e’er
Dared the dismal Hall of Fear ;
HIS, who hath the snares defied
Spread by Pleasure, Wealth, and Pride.

“ Quake to your foundations deep,
Bastion huge, and Turret steep !
Tremble Keep, and totter Tower !
This is Gyneth’s waking hour.”——

XXXVI.

Thus while she sung, the venturous Knigh
Has reach’d a bower, where milder light
 Through crimson curtains fell ;
Such soften’d shade the hill receives,
Her purple veil when twilight leaves
 Upon its western swell.
That bower, the gazer to bewitch,
Had wondrous store of rare and rich
 As e’er was seen with eye ;
For there by magic skill, I wis,
Form of each thing that living is
 Was limn’d in proper dye.
All seem’d to sleep—the timid hare
On form, the stag upon his lair,
The eagle in her eyrie fair
 Between the earth and sky.

But what of pictured rich and rare
Could win De Vaux's eye-glance, where,
Deep slumbering in the fatal chair,

He saw King Arthur's child!

Doubt, and anger, and dismay,
From her brow had pass'd away,
Forgot was that fell tourney-day,

For, as she slept, she smiled.

It seem'd that the repentant Seer
Her sleep of many an hundred year

With gentle dreams beguiled.

XXXVII.

That form of maiden loveliness,

'Twixt childhood and 'twixt youth,

That ivory chair, that sylvan dress,

The arms and ancles bare, express

Of Lyulph's tale the truth.

Still upon her garment's hem

Vanoc's blood made purple gem,

And the warder of command

Cumber'd still her sleeping hand;

Still her dark locks dishevell'd flow

From net of pearl o'er breast of snow;

And so fair the slumberer seems,

That De Vaux impeach'd his dreams,

Vapid all and void of might,

Hiding half her charms from sight.

Motionless awhile he stands,

Folds his arms and clasps his hands,

Trembling in his fitful joy,

Doubtful how he shall destroy

Long-enduring spell;
Doubtful too, when slowly rise
Dark-fringed lids of Gyneth's eyes,
What these eyes shall tell.
"St George! St Mary! can it be,
That they will kindly look on me!"—

XXXVIII.

Gently, lo! the Warrior kneels,
Soft that lovely hand he steals,
Soft to kiss, and soft to clasp—
But the warder leaves her grasp;
Lightning flashes, rolls the thunder!
Gyneth startles from her sleep,
Totters tower, and trembles keep,
Burst the Castle walls asunder!
Fierce and frequent were the shocks,
Melt the magic halls away——
——But beneath their mystic rocks,
In the arms of bold De Vaux,
Safe the Princess lay!
Safe and free from magic power,
Blushing like the rose's flower
Opening to the day;
And round the Champion's brows were bound
The crown that Druidess had wound,
Of the green laurel-bay.
And this was what remain'd of all
The wealth of each enchanted hall,
The Garland and the Dame:—
But where should Warrior seek the meed,
Due to high worth for daring deed,
Except from LOVE and FAME!

CONCLUSION.

I.

MY LUCY, when the maid is won,
The Minstrel's task, thou know'st, is done;
And to require of bard
That to the dregs his tale should run,
Were ordinance too hard.
Our lovers, briefly be it said,
Wedded as lovers wont to wed,
When tale or play is o'er;
Lived long and blest, loved fond and true,
And saw a numerous race renew
The honours that they bore.
Know, too, that when a pilgrim strays,
In morning mist, or evening maze,
Along the mountain lone,
That fairy fortress often mocks
His gaze upon the castled rocks
Of the Valley of Saint John;
But never man since brave De Vaux
The charmed portal won.
'Tis now a vain illusive show,
That melts whene'er the sunbeams glow,
Or the fresh breeze hath blown.

II.

But see, my love, where far below
Our lingering wheels are moving slow,
The whiles up-gazing still,
Our menials eye our steepy way,
Marvelling, perchance, what whim can stay
Our steps when eve is sinking grey

On this gigantic hill.

So think the vulgar—Life and time
Ring all their joys in one dull chime

Of luxury and ease;

And O! beside these simple knaves,
How many better born are slaves

To such coarse joys as these,
Dead to the nobler sense that glows
When nature's grander scenes uncloset!

But, Lucy, we will love them yet,
The mountain's misty coronet,

The green wood and the wold;
And love the more, that of their maze
Adventure high of other days

By ancient bards is told,
Bringing, perchance, like my poor tale,
Some moral truth in fiction's veil!

Nor love them less, that o'er the hill
The evening breeze, as now, comes chill;—

My love shall wrap her warm,
And, fearless of the slippery way,
While safe she trips the heathy brae,
Shall hang on Arthur's arm.

THE END OF TRIERMAIN.

NOTES.

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

NOTES.

Note I.

Like Collins, ill-starr'd name!—P. 16.

COLLINS, according to Johnson, "by indulging some peculiar habits of thought, was eminently delighted with those flights of imagination which pass the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is reconciled only by a passive acquiescence in popular traditions. He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens."

Note II.

The Baron of Triermain.—P. 17.

Triermain was a fief of the Barony of Gilsland, in Cumberland; it was possessed by a Saxon family at the time of the Conquest, but, "after the death of Gilmore, Lord of Tryermaine and Torcrossock, Hubert Vaux gave Tryermaine and Torcrossock to his second son, Ranulph Vaux, which Ranulph afterwards became heir to his elder brother Robert, the founder of Lanercost, who died without issue. Ranulph, being Lord of all Gilsland, gave Gilmore's lands to his own younger son, named Roland, and let the barony descend to his eldest son Robert, son of Ranulph. Roland had issue Alexander, and he Ranulph, after whom succeeded Robert, and they were named Rolands successively, that were lords thereof, until the reign of Edward the Fourth. That house gave for arms, Vert, a bend dexter, chequy or and gules," —BURN'S *Antiquities of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, vol. II. p. 482.

This branch of Vaux, with its collateral alliances, is now represented by the family of Braddyl of Conishead Priory, in the county palatine of Lancaster; for it appears that about the time above-mentioned, the house of Triermaine was united to its kindred family Vaux of Caterlen, and, by marriage with the heiress of Delamore and Leybourne, became the representative of those ancient and noble families. The male line failing in John de Vaux, about the year 1665, his daughter and heiress, Mabel, married Christopher Richmond, Esq. of Highhead Castle, in the county of Cumberland, descended from an ancient family of that name, lords of Corby Castle, in the same county, soon after the Conquest, and which they alienated about the 15th of Edward the Second, to Andrea de Harcla, Earl of Carlisle. Of this family was Sir Thomas de Raigemont, (*miles auratus*) in the reign of King Edward the First, who appears to have greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Kaerlaveroc, with William Baron of Leybourne. In an ancient heraldic poem now extant, and preserved in the British Museum, describing that siege, his arms are stated to be, Or, 2 Bars Gemelles Gules, and a Chief Or, the same borne by his descendants at the present day. The Richmonds removed to their Castle of Highhead in the reign of Henry the Eighth, when the then representative of the family married Margaret, daughter of Sir Hugh Lowther, by the Lady Dorothy de Clifford, only child by a second marriage of Henry Lord Clifford, great grandson of John Lord Clifford, by Elizabeth Percy, daughter of Henry (surnamed Hotspur) by Elizabeth Mortimer, which said Elizabeth was daughter of Edward Mortimer, third Earl of Marche, by Philippa, sole daughter and heiress of Lionel, Duke of Clarence.

The third in descent from the above-mentioned John Richmond, became the representative of the families of Vaux, of Triermaine, Caterlen, and Torcrossock, by his marriage with Mabel de Vaux, the heiress of them. His grandson Henry Richmond died without issue, leaving five sisters coheiresses, four of whom married; but Margaret, who married William Gale, Esq. of Whitehaven, was the only one who had male issue surviving. She had a son, and a daughter married to Henry Curwen of

Workington, Esq., who represented the County of Cumberland for many years in parliament, and by her had a daughter married to John Christian, Esq., (now Curwen.) John, son and heir of William Gale, married Sarah, daughter and heiress of Christopher Wilson of Bardsea Hall, in the county of Lancaster, by Margaret, aunt and coheiress of Thomas Braddyl, Esq. of Braddyl, and Conishead Priory, in the same county, and had issue four sons and two daughters. 1st, William Wilson, died an infant; 2d. Wilson, who upon the death of his cousin, Thomas Braddyl, without issue, succeeded to his estates and took the name of Braddyl, in pursuance of his will, by the king's sign manual; 3d. William, died young; and, 4th. Henry Richmond, a lieutenant-general of the army, married Sarah, daughter of the Rev. R. Baldwin; Margaret married Richard Greaves Townley, Esq. of Fulbourne, in the county of Cambridge, and of Bellfield, in the county of Lancaster; Sarah married to George Bigland, of Bigland Hall, in the same county.

Wilson Braddyl, eldest son of John Gale, and grandson of Margaret Richmond, married Jane, daughter and heiress of Matthias Gale, Esq. of Catgill Hall, in the county of Cumberland, by Jane, daughter and heiress of the Rev. S. Bennet, D. D.; and, as the eldest surviving male branch of the families above mentioned, he quarters, in addition to his own, their paternal coats in the following order, as appears by the records in the College of Arms.

1st. Argent, a fess azure, between 3 saltiers of the same, charged with an anchor between 2 lions heads erased, or,—Gale.

2d. Or, 2 bars gemelles gules, and a chief or,—Richmond.

3d. Or, a fess chequy, or and gules between 9 gerbes gules,—Vaux of Caterlen.

4th. Gules, a fess chequy, or and gules between 6 gerbes or,—Vaux of Torcrossock.

5th. (1) Argent, a bend chequy, or and gules, for Vaux of Triermain.

6th. Gules, a cross patonce, or,—Delamore.

(1) Not vert, as stated by Burn.

7th. Gules, 6 lions rampant argent, 3, 2, and 1, — Leybourne. (1)

Note III.

And his who sleeps at Dunmailraise.—P. 20.

Dunmailraise is one of the grand passes from Cumberland into Westmoreland. It takes its name from a cairn, or pile of stones, erected, it is said, to the memory of Dunmail, the last King of Cumberland.

Note IV.

— — — *Penrith's Table Round*—P. 21.

A circular entrenchment, about half a mile from Penrith, is thus popularly termed. The circle within the ditch is about one hundred and sixty paces in circumference, with openings, or approaches, directly opposite to each other. As the ditch is on the inner side, it could not be intended for the purpose of defence, and it has reasonably been conjectured, that the inclosure was designed for the solemn exercise of feats of chivalry; and the embankment around for the convenience of the spectators.

Note V.

— *Mayburgh's mound and stones of power.*—P. 21.

Higher up the river Eamont than Arthur's Round Table, is a prodigious inclosure of great antiquity, formed by a collection of stones upon the top of a gently sloping hill, called Mayburgh. In the plain which it incloses there stands erect an unhewn stone of twelve feet in height. Two similar masses are said to have been destroyed during the memory of man. The whole appears to be a monument of druidical times.

Note VI.

Though never sunbeam could discern

The surface of that sable tarn.—P. 23.

The small lake called Scales-tarn lies so deeply embosomed

(1) This more detailed genealogy of the family of Triermain, was obligingly sent to the author, by Major Braddyll of Conishead Priory.

in the recesses of the huge mountain called Saddleback, more poetically Glaramara, is of such great depth, and so completely hidden from the sun, that it is said its beams never reach it, and that the reflection of the stars may be seen at mid-day.

Note VII.

— — — — *Tintadgel's spear.*—P. 28.

Tintadgel Castle, in Cornwall, is reported to have been the birth-place of King Arthur.

Note VIII.

— — — — *Caliburn in cumbrous length.*—P. 28.

This was the name of King Arthur's well-known sword, sometimes also called Excalibar.

Note IX.

From Arthur's hand the goblet flew.—P. 39.

The author has an indistinct recollection of an adventure somewhat similar to that which is here ascribed to King Arthur, having befallen one of the ancient kings of Denmark. The horn in which the burning liquor was presented to that monarch, is said still to be preserved in the Royal Museum at Copenhagen.

Note X.

Nor tower nor donjon could he spy,

Darkening against the morning sky.—P. 39.

— — — — "We now gained a view of the Vale of St John's, a very narrow dell, hemmed in by mountains, through which a small brook makes many meanderings, washing little inclosures of grass-ground, which stretch up the rising of the hills. In the widest part of the dale you are struck with the appearance of an ancient ruined castle, which seems to stand upon the summit of a little mount, the mountains around forming an amphitheatre. This massive bulwark shews a front of various towers, and makes an awful, rude, and Gothic appearance, with its lofty turrets and ragged battlements; we traced the galleries, the bending arches,

the buttresses. The greatest antiquity stands characterized in its architecture; the inhabitants near it assert it is an antediluvian structure.

“The traveller’s curiosity is roused, and he prepares to make a nearer approach, when that curiosity is put upon the rack by his being assured, that if he advances, certain genii who govern the place, by virtue of their supernatural art and necromancy, will strip it of all its beauties, and, by enchantment, transform the magic walls. The vale seems adapted for the habitation of such beings; its gloomy recesses and retirements look like haunts of evil spirits. There was no delusion in the report; we were soon convinced of its truth; for this piece of antiquity, so venerable and noble in its aspect, as we drew near changed its figure, and proved no other than a shaken massive pile of rocks, which stand in the midst of this little vale, disunited from the adjoining mountains, and have so much the real form and resemblance of a castle, that they bear the name of the Castle Rocks of St John.”
—HUTCHINSON’S *Excursion to the Lakes*, p. 121.

Note XI.

The Saxons to subjection brought.—P. 40.

Arthur is said to have defeated the Saxons in twelve pitched battles, and to have achieved the other feats alluded to in the text.

Note XII.

There Morolt of the iron mace, etc.—P. 41.

The characters named in the following stanza are all of them more or less distinguished in the romances which treat of King Arthur and his Round Table, and their names are strung together according to the established custom of minstrels upon such occasions; for example, in the ballad of the marriage of Sir Gawaine:

Sir Lancelot, Sir Stephen bolde,
They rode with them that daye,
And, foremost of the companye,
There rode the stewarde Kaye.

Soe did Sir Banier, and Sir Bore,
 And eke Sir Garratte keen,
 Sir Tristram too, that gentle knight,
 To the forest fresh and green.

NOTE XIII.

And Lancelot, that evermore

Look'd stol'n-wise on the queen.—P. 42.

Upon this delicate subject hear Richard Robinson, citizen of London, in his Assertion of King Arthur :

« But as it is a thing sufficiently apparent that she (Guen-ever, wife of King Arthur) was beautiful, so it is a thing doubted whether she was chaste, yea or no. Truly, so far as I can with honestie, I would spare the impayred honour and fame of noble women. But yet the truth of the historie pluckes me by the eere, and willeth me not onely, but commandeth me to declare what the ancients have deemed of her. To wrestle or contend with so great authoritie were indeed unto me a controversie, and that greate.»—*Assertion of King Arthure. Imprinted by John Wolfe, London, 1582.*

NOTE XIV.

There were two who loved their neighbours' wives,

And one who loved his own.—P. 45.

« In our forefathers' tyme, when papistrie, as a standyng poole, covered and overflowed all England, fewe books were read in our tongue, savyng certaine bookes of chevalrie, as they said, for pastime and pleasure; which, as some say, were made in the monasteries, by idle monks or wanton chanons. As one for example, *La morte d'Arthure*; the whole pleasure of which book standeth in two speciall poynts, in open manslaughter and bold bawdrye; in which booke they be counted the noblest knightes that do kill most men without any quarrell, and commit fowlest adoulteries by sutlest shiftes; as Sir Launcelot, with the wife of King Arthur, his master; Sir Tristram, with the wife of King Marke, his uncle; Sir Lamerocke, with the wife of King Lote, that was his own aunt. This is good stuffe for wise men to laugh at,

or honest men to take pleasure at, yet I know when God's Bible was banished the court, and La Morte d'Arthure received into the prince's chamber."—ASCHAM's *Schoolmaster*.

Note XV.

— — — *valiant Carodac,*

Who won the cup of gold.—P. 45.

See the comic tale of the Boy and the Mantle, in the third volume of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, from the Breton or Norman original of which Ariosto is supposed to have taken his *Tale of the Enchanted Cup*.

THE
VISION OF DON RODERICK.

*Quid dignum memorare tuis, Hispania, terris,
Vox humana valet! —————*CLAUDIAN.

VISION OF DON ROBERT

OF THE VISION OF DON ROBERT
THE VISION OF DON ROBERT

TO
JOHN WHITMORE, Esq.

AND

TO THE COMMITTEE OF SUBSCRIBERS FOR RELIEF OF THE PORTUGUEZE
SUFFERERS, IN WHICH HE PRESIDES,

THIS POEM,
(THE VISION OF DON RODERICK,)

COMPOSED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE FUND UNDER
THEIR MANAGEMENT,

IS

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

WALTER SCOTT.

JOHN WILKINSON

AND

TO THE COMMISSION OF THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE

IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION

THIS POINT

(THE VISION OF DON BODDICK)

COMPOSED FOR THE PURPOSE OF THE LAND OFFICE

WITH A PREFACE

BY

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

WALTER SCOTT

PREFACE.

THE following Poem is founded upon a Spanish Tradition, particularly detailed in the Notes; but bearing, in general, that Don Roderick, the last Gothic King of Spain, when the Invasion of the Moors was impending, had the temerity to descend into an ancient vault, near Toledo, the opening of which had been denounced as fatal to the Spanish monarchy. The legend adds, that his rash curiosity was mortified by an emblematical representation of those Saracens, who, in the year 714, defeated him in battle, and reduced Spain under their dominion. I have presumed to prolong the Vision of the Revolutions of Spain down to the present eventful crisis of the Peninsula; and to divide it, by a supposed change of scene, into THREE PERIODS. The FIRST of these represents the Invasion of the Moors, the Defeat and Death of Roderick, and closes with the peaceful occupation of the country by the Victors. The SECOND PERIOD embraces the state of the Peninsula, when

the conquests of the Spaniards and Portugueze in the East and West Indies had raised to the highest pitch the renown of their arms; sullied, however, by superstition and cruelty. An allusion to the inhumanities of the Inquisition terminates this picture. The LAST PART of the Poem opens with the state of Spain previous to the unparalleled treachery of BUONAPARTE; gives a sketch of the usurpation attempted upon that unsuspecting and friendly kingdom, and terminates with the arrival of the British succours. It may be farther proper to mention, that the object of the Poem is less to commemorate or detail particular incidents, than to exhibit a general and impressive picture of the several periods brought upon the stage.

I am too sensible of the respect due to the Public, especially by one who has already experienced more than ordinary indulgence, to offer any apology for the inferiority of the poetry to the subject it is chiefly designed to commemorate. Yet I think it proper to mention, that while I was hastily executing a work, written for a temporary purpose, and on passing events, the task was cruelly interrupted by the successive deaths of Lord President BLAIR, and Lord Viscount MELVILLE. In those distinguished characters, I had not only to regret persons whose lives were most important to Scotland, but also whose notice and patronage honoured my entrance upon

active life; and I may add, with melancholy pride, who permitted my more advanced age to claim no common share in their friendship. Under such interruptions, the following verses, which my best and happiest efforts must have left far unworthy of their theme, have, I am myself sensible, an appearance of negligence and incoherence, which, in other circumstances, I might have been able to remove.

EDINBURGH, June 24, 1811.

INTRODUCTION.

I.

LIVES there a strain, whose sounds of mounting fire
May rise distinguish'd o'er the din of war,
Or died it with yon Master of the Lyre,
Who sung beleaguer'd Ilion's evil star?
Such, WELLINGTON, might reach thee from afar,
Wafting its descant wide o'er Ocean's range;
Nor shouts, nor clashing arms, its mood could mar,
All as it swell'd 'twixt each loud trumpet-change,
That clangs to Britain victory, to Portugal revenge!

II.

Yes! such a strain, with all o'er-powering measure,
Might melodize with each tumultuous sound,
Each voice of fear or triumph, woe or pleasure,
That rings Mondego's ravaged shores around;
The thund'ring cry of hosts with conquest crown'd,
The female shriek, the ruin'd peasant's moan,
The shout of captives from their chains unbound,
The foil'd oppressor's deep and sullen groan,
A Nation's choral hymn for tyranny o'erthrown.

III.

But we, weak minstrels of a laggard day,
Skill'd but to imitate an elder page,
Timid and raptureless, can we repay
The debt thou claim'st in this exhausted age?
Thou givest our lyres a theme, that might engage
Those that could send thy name o'er sea and land,
While sea and land shall last; for Homer's rage
A theme; a theme for Milton's mighty hand—
How much unmeet for us, a faint degenerate band!

IV.

Ye mountains stern! within whose rugged breast
The friends of Scottish freedom found repose;
Ye torrents! whose hoarse sounds have soothed their
rest,
Returning from the field of vanquish'd foes;
Say, have ye lost each wild majestic close,
That erst the choir of bards or druids flung;
What time their hymn of victory arose,
And Cattrath's glens with voice of triumph rung,
And mystic Merlin harp'd, and grey-hair'd Llywarch
sung.

V.

O! if your wilds such minstrelsy retain,
As sure your changeful gales seem oft to say,
When sweeping wild and sinking soft again,
Like trumpet-jubilee, or harp's wild sway;
If ye can echo such triumphant lay,
Then lend the note to him has loved you long!
Who pious gather'd each tradition grey,
That floats your solitary wastes along,
And with affection vain gave them new voice in song.

VI.

For not till now, how oft soe'er the task
Of truant verse hath lighten'd graver care,
From Muse or Sylvan was he wont to ask,
In phrase poetic, inspiration fair;
Careless he gave his numbers to the air,—
They came unsought for, if applauses came;
Nor for himself prefers he now the prayer;
Let but his verse besit a hero's fame,
Immortal be the verse!—forgot the poet's name.

VII.

Hark, from yon misty cairn their answer tost:
“Minstrel! the fame of whose romantic lyre,
Capricious swelling now, may soon be lost,
Like the light flickering of a cottage fire;
If to such task presumptuous thou aspire,
Seek not from us the meed to warrior due:
Age after age has gather'd son to sire,
Since our grey cliffs the din of conflict knew,
Or, pealing through our vales, victorious bugles blew.

VIII.

“Decay'd our old traditionary lore,
Save where the lingering fays renew their ring
By milk-maid seen beneath the hawthorn hoar,
Or round the marge of Minchmore's haunted spring;
Save where their legends grey-hair'd shepherds sing,
That now scarce win a listening ear but thine,
Of feuds obscure, and border ravaging,
And rugged deeds recount in rugged line,
Of moonlight foray made on Teviot, Tweed, or Tyne.

IX.

« No ! search romantic lands, where the near Sun
Gives with unstinted boon ethereal flame,
Where the rude villager, his labour done,
In verse spontaneous chaunts some favour'd name;
Whether Olalia's charms his tribute claim,
Her eye of diamond, and her locks of jet;
Or whether, kindling at the deeds of Græme,
He sing, to wild Morisco measure set,
Old Albin's red claymore, green Erin's bayonet !

X.

« Explore those regions, where the flinty crest
Of wild Nevada ever gleams with snows,
Where in the proud Alhambra's ruin'd breast
Barbaric monuments of pomp repose;
Or where the banners of more ruthless foes
Than the fierce Moor, float o'er Toledo's fane,
From whose tall towers even now the patriot throws
An anxious glance, to spy upon the plain
The blended ranks of England, Portugal, and Spain.

XI.

« There, of Numantian fire a swarthy spark
Still lightens in the sun-burnt native's eye;
The stately port, slow step, and visage dark,
Still mark enduring pride and constancy.
And, if the glow of feudal chivalry
Beam not, as once, thy nobles' dearest pride,
Iberia ! oft thy crestless peasantry
Have seen the plumed Hidalgo quit their side,
Have seen, yet dauntless stood—'gainst fortune fought
and died.

XII.

“ And cherish’d still by that unchanging race,
Are themes for minstrelsy more high than thine;
Of strange tradition many a mystic trace,
Legend and vision, prophecy and sign;
Where wonders wild of Arabesque combine
With Gothic imagery of darker shade,
Forming a model meet for minstrel line.

Go, seek such theme !”—The Mountain Spirit said:
With filial awe I heard—I heard, and I obey’d.

THE
VISION OF DON RODERICK.

I.

REARING their crests amid the cloudless skies,
And darkly clustering in the pale moonlight,
Toledo's holy towers and spires arise,
As from a trembling lake of silver white.
Their mingled shadows intercept the sight
Of the broad burial-ground outstretch'd below,
And nought disturbs the silence of the night;
All sleeps in sullen shade, or silver glow,
All save the heavy swell of Teio's ceaseless flow.

II.

All save the rushing swell of Teio's tide,
Or, distant heard, a courser's neigh or tramp,
Their changing rounds as watchful horsemen ride,
To guard the limits of King Roderick's camp.
For, through the river's night-fog rolling damp,
Was many a proud pavilion dimly seen,
Which glimmer'd back, against the moon's fair lamp,
Tissues of silk and silver twisted sheen,
And standards proudly pitch'd, and warders arm'd
between.

III.

But of their Monarch's person keeping ward,
Since last the deep-mouth'd bell of vespers toll'd,
The chosen soldiers of the royal guard
Their post beneath the proud Cathedral hold;
A band unlike their Gothic sires of old,
Who, for the cap of steel and iron mace,
Bear slender darts, and casques bedeck'd with gold,
While silver-studded belts their shoulders grace,
Where ivory quivers ring in the broad falchion's
place.

IV.

In the light language of an idle court,
They murmur'd at their master's long delay,
And held his lengthen'd orisons in sport:—
“What! will Don Roderick here till morning stay,
To wear in shrift and prayer the night away?
And are his hours in such dull penance past,
For fair Florinda's plunder'd charms to pay?”—
Then to the east their weary eyes they cast,
And wish'd the lingering dawn would glimmer forth
at last.

V.

But, far within, Toledo's prelate lent
An ear of fearful wonder to the King;
The silver lamp a fitful lustre sent,
So long that sad confession witnessing:
For Roderick told of many a hidden thing,
Such as are lothly utter'd to the air,
When Fear, Remorse, and Shame, the bosom wring,
And Guilt his secret burthen cannot bear,
And Conscience seeks in speech a respite from De-
spair.

VI.

Full on the Prelate's face, and silver hair,
The stream of failing light was feebly roll'd;
But Roderick's visage, though his head was bare,
Was shadow'd by his hand and mantle's fold.
While of his hidden soul the sins he told,
Proud Alaric's descendant could not brook,
That mortal man his bearing should behold,
Or boast that he had seen, when Conscience shook,
Fear tame a monarch's brow, Remorse a warrior's
look.

VII.

The old man's faded cheek wax'd yet more pale,
As many a secret sad the king bewray'd;
And sign and glance eked out the unfinish'd tale,
When in the midst his faltering whisper staid.—
“Thus royal Witiza (1) was slain,”—he said;
“Yet, holy father, deem not it was I.”—
Thus still Ambition strives her crime to shade—
“Oh rather deem 'twas stern necessity!
Self-preservation bade, and I must kill or die.

VIII.

“And if Florinda's shrieks alarm'd the air,
If she invoked her absent sire in vain,
And on her knees implored that I would spare,
Yet, reverend priest, thy sentence rash refrain!—

(1) The predecessor of Roderick upon the Spanish throne, and slain by his connivance, as is affirmed by Rodriguez of Toledo, the father of Spanish history.

All is not as it seems—the female train

Know by their bearing to disguise their mood :—
But Conscience here, as if in high disdain,

Sent to the Monarch's cheek the burning blood—
He stay'd his speech abrupt—and up the Prelate stood.

IX.

« O harden'd offspring of an iron race !

What of thy crimes, Don Roderick, shall I say ?
What alms, or prayers, or penance can efface

Murder's dark spot, wash treason's stain away !
For the foul ravisher how shall I pray,

Who, scarce repentant, makes his crime his boast ?
How hope Almighty vengeance shall delay,

Unless, in mercy to yon Christian host,
He spare the shepherd, lest the guiltless sheep be
lost.»—

X.

Then kindled the dark Tyrant in his mood,

And to his brow return'd its dauntless gloom ;
« And welcome then, » he cried, « be blood for blood,
For treason treachery, for dishonour doom !

Yet will I know whence come they, or by whom.

Shew, for thou canst—give forth the fated key,
And guide me, Priest, to that mysterious room,

Where, if aught true in old tradition be,
His nation's future fates a Spanish King shall see.»—

XI.

« Ill-fated prince ! recall the desperate word,

Or pause ere yet the omen thou obey !
Bethink, yon spell-bound portal would afford
Never to former monarch entrance-way ;

Nor shall it ever ope, old records say,
Save to a king, the last of all his line,
What time his empire totters to decay,
And treason digs, beneath, her fatal mine,
And, high above, impends avenging wrath divine." —

XII.

—“ Prelate! a Monarch’s fate brooks no delay;
Lead on!”—The ponderous key the old man took,
And held the winking lamp, and led the way,
By winding stair, dark aisle, and secret nook,
Then on ancient gate-way bent his look;
And, as the key the desperate King essay’d,
Low-mutter’d thunders the Cathedral shook,
And twice he stopp’d, and twice new effort made,
Till the huge bolts roll’d back, and the loud hinges
bray’d.

XIII.

Long, large, and lofty, was that vaulted hall;
Roof, walls, and floor, were all of marble stone,
Of polish’d marble, black as funeral pall,
Carved o’er with signs and characters unknown.
A paly light, as of the dawning, shone
Through the sad bounds, but whence they could
not spy;
For window to the upper air was none;
Yet, by that light, Don Roderick could descry
Wonders that ne’er till then were seen by mortal
eye.

XIV.

Grim centinels, against the upper wall,
Of molten bronze, two Statues held their place;
Massive their naked limbs, their stature tall,
Their frowning foreheads golden circles grace.
Moulded they seem'd for kings of giant race,
That lived and sinn'd before the avenging flood;
This grasp'd a scythe, that rested on a mace;
This spread his wings for flight, that pondering
stood,
Each stubborn seem'd and stern, immutable of
mood.

XV.

Fix'd was the right-hand Giant's brazen look
Upon his brother's glass of shifting sand,
As if its ebb he measured by a book,
Whose iron volume loaded his huge hand;
In which was wrote of many a falling land,
Of empires lost, and kings to exile driven;
And o'er that pair their names in scroll expand—
“LO, DESTINY and TIME! to whom by Heaven
The guidance of the earth is for a season given.”—

XVI.

E'en while they read, the sand-glass wastes away;
And, as the last and lagging grains did creep,
That right-hand Giant 'gan his club upsway,
As one that startles from a heavy sleep.

Full on the upper wall the mace's sweep
At once descended with the force of thunder,
And hurtling down at once, in crumbled heap,
The marble boundary was rent asunder,
And gave to Roderick's view new sights of fear and
wonder.

XVII.

For they might spy, beyond that mighty breach,
Realms as of Spain in vision'd prospect laid,
Castles and towers, in due proportion each,
As by some skilful artist's hand pourtray'd :
Here, cross'd by many a wild Sierra's shade,
And boundless plains that tire the traveller's eye ;
There, rich with vineyard and with olive glade,
Or deep-embrown'd by forests huge and high,
Or wash'd by mighty streams, that slowly murmur'd
by.

XVIII.

And here, as erst upon the antique stage
Pass'd forth the bands of masquers trimly led,
In various forms, and various equipage,
While fitting strains the hearer's fancy fed ;
So to sad Roderick's eye in order spread,
Successive pageants fill'd that mystic scene,
Shewing the fate of battles ere they bled,
And issue of events that had not been ;
And ever and anon strange sounds were heard be-
tween.

XIX.

First shrill'd an unrepeat'd female shriek!—
It seem'd as if Don Roderick knew the call,
For the bold blood was blanching in his cheek.—

Then answer'd kettle-drum and atabal,
Gong-peal and cymbal-clank the ear appal,
The Tecbir war-cry, and the Lelies yell,
Ring wildly dissonant along the hall.

Needs not to Roderick their dread import tell—
“The Moor!” he cried, “the Moor!—ring out the
Tocsin bell!

XX.

“They come! they come! I see the groaning lands
White with the turbans of each Arab horde,
Swart Zaarah joins her misbelieving bands,
Alla and Mahomet their battle-word,
The choice they yield the Koran or the sword.—

See how the Christians rush to arms amain!
In yonder shout the voice of conflict roar'd!

The shadowy hosts are closing on the plain—
Now, God and Saint Iago strike, for the good cause
of Spain!

XXI.

“By heaven, the Moors prevail! the Christians yield!—

Their coward leader gives for flight the sign!
The scepter'd craven mounts to quit the field—
Is not yon steed Orelia?—Yes, 'tis mine!

But never was she turn'd from battle-line :

Lo! where the recreant spurs o'er stock and stone!—
Curses pursue the slave and wrath divine!

Rivers ingulph him! — “Hush,” in shuddering
tone,

The Prelate said; “rash Prince, yon vision'd form's
thine own.”—

XXII.

Just then, a torrent cross'd the flyer's course;

The dangerous ford the Kingly Likeness tried;
But the deep eddies whelm'd both man and horse,

Swept like benighted peasant down the tide;

And the proud Moslemah spread far and wide,

As numerous as their native locust band;

Berber and Ismael's sons the spoil divide,

With naked scymitars mete out the land,

And for their bondsmen base the freeborn natives
brand.

XXIII.

Then rose the grated Harem, to inclose

The loveliest maidens of the Christian line;

Then, menials to their misbelieving foes,

Castile's young nobles held forbidden wine;

Then, too, the holy Cross, salvation's sign,

By impious hands was from the altar thrown,

And the deep aisles of the polluted shrine

Echoed, for holy hymn and organ-tone,

The Santon's frantic dance, the Fakir's gibbering
moan.

XXIV.

How fares Don Roderick?—E'en as one who spies
Flames dart their glare o'er midnight's sable woof,
And hears around his children's piercing cries,
And sees the pale assistants stand aloof;
While cruel conscience brings him bitter proof,
His folly, or his crime, have caused his grief,
And, while above him nods the crumbling roof,
He curses earth and Heaven—himself in chief—
Desperate of earthly aid, despairing Heav'n's relief!

XXV.

That scythe-arm'd Giant turn'd his fatal glass,
And twilight on the landscape closed her wings;
Far to Asturian hills the war-sounds pass,
And in their stead rebeck or timbrel rings;
And to the sound the bell-deck'd dancer springs,
Bazars resound as when their marts are met,
In tourney light the Moor his jerrid flings,
And on the land, as evening seem'd to set,
The Imaum's chaunt was heard from mosque or minaret.

XXVI.

So pass'd that pageant. Ere another came,
The visionary scene was wrapp'd in smoke,
Whose sulph'rous wreaths were cross'd by sheets of
flame;
With every flash a bolt explosive broke,

Till Roderick deem'd the fiends had burst their yoke,
And waved 'gainst heaven the infernal gonfalone!
For War a new and dreadful language spoke,
Never by ancient warrior heard or known;
Lightning and smoke her breath, and thunder was
her tone.

XXVII.

From the dim landscape roll the clouds away—
The Christians have regain'd their heritage;
Before the Cross has waned the Crescent's ray,
And many a monastery decks the stage,
And lofty church, and low-brow'd hermitage.
The land obeys a Hermit and a Knight,—
The Genii these of Spain for many an age;
This clad in sackcloth, that in armour bright,
And that was VALOUR named, this BIGOTRY was hight.

XXVIII.

VALOUR was harness'd like a Chief of old,
Arm'd at all points, and prompt for knightly gest;
His sword was temper'd in the Ebro cold,
Morena's eagle-plume adorn'd his crest,
The spoils of Afric's lion bound his breast.
Fierce he stepp'd forward and flung down his gage,
As if of mortal kind to brave the best.
Him follow'd his Companion, dark and sage,
As he, my Master, sung, the dangerous Archimage.

XXIX.

Haughty of heart and brow the Warrior came,
In look and language proud as proud might be,
Vaunting his lordship, lineage, fights and fame,
Yet was that bare-foot monk more proud than he;

And as the ivy climbs the tallest tree,
So round the loftiest soul his toils he wound,
And with his spells subdued the fierce and free,
Till ermined Age, and Youth in arms renown'd,
Honouring his scourge and hair-cloth, meekly kiss'd
the ground.

XXX.

And thus it chanced that VALOUR, peerless knight,
Who ne'er to King or Kaisar veil'd his crest,
Victorious still in bull-feast or in fight,
Since first his limbs with mail he did invest,
Stoop'd ever to that Anchoret's behest;
Nor reason'd of the right, nor of the wrong,
But at his bidding laid the lance in rest,
And wrought fell deeds the troubled world along,
For he was fierce as brave, and pitiless as strong.

XXXI.

Oft his proud gallies sought some new-found world,
That latest sees the sun, or first the morn;
Still at that Wizard's feet their spoils he hurl'd,—
Ingots of ore, from rich Potosi borne.
Crowns by Caciques, aigrettes by Omrahs worn,
Wrought of rare gems, but broken, rent, and foul;
Idols of gold from heathen temples torn,
Bedabbled all with blood.—With grisly scowl,
The Hermit mark'd the stains, and smiled beneath
his cowl.

XXXII.

Then did he bless the offering, and bade make
Tribute to heaven of gratitude and praise;
And at his word the choral hymns awake,
And many a hand the silver censer sways.
But with the incense breath these censers raise,
Mix steams from corpses smouldering in the fire;
The groans of prison'd victims mar the lays,
And shrieks of agony confound the quire,
While, 'mid the mingled sounds, the darken'd scenes
expire.

XXXIII.

Preluding light, were strains of music heard,
As once again revolved that measured sand;
Such sounds as when, for sylvan dance prepared,
Gay Xeres summons forth her vintage band;
When for the light Bolero ready stand
The Mozo blithe, with gay Muchacha met,
He conscious of his broider'd cap and band,
She of her netted locks and light corsette,
Each tiptoe perch'd to spring, and shake the castanet.

XXXIV.

And well such strains the opening scene became;
For VALOUR had relax'd his ardent look,
And at a lady's feet, like lion tame,
Lay stretch'd, full loth the weight of arms to brook;
And soften'd BIGOTRY, upon his book,
Patter'd a task of little good or ill:
But the blithe peasant plied his pruning hook,
Whistled the muleteer o'er vale and hill,
And rung from village-green the merry Seguidille.

XXXV.

Grey Royalty, grown impotent of toil,
Let the grave sceptre slip his lazy hold,
And careless saw his rule become the spoil
Of a loose Female and her Minion bold.
But peace was on the cottage and the fold,
From court intrigue, from bickering faction far;
Beneath the chesnut-tree Love's tale was told,
And to the tinkling of the light guitar,
Sweet stoop'd the western sun, sweet rose the evening
star.

XXXVI.

As that sea-cloud, in size like human hand
When first from Carmel by the Tishbite seen,
Came slowly over-shadowing Israel's land,
Awhile, perchance, bedeck'd with colours sheen,
While yet the sunbeams on its skirts had been,
Limning with purple and with gold its shroud,
Till darker folds obscured the blue serene,
And blotted heaven with one broad sable cloud—
Then sheeted rain burst down, and whirlwinds howl'd
aloud;—

XXXVII.

E'en so upon that peaceful scene was pour'd,
Like gathering clouds, full many a foreign band,
And HE, their Leader, wore in sheath his sword,
And offer'd peaceful front and open hand;

Veiling the perjured treachery he plann'd,
By friendship's zeal and honour's specious guise,
Until he won the passes of the land;
Then, burst were honour's oath, and friendship's
ties!
He clutch'd his vulture-grasp, and call'd fair Spain
his prize.

XXXVIII.

An Iron Crown his anxious forehead bore;
And well such diadem his heart became,
Who ne'er his purpose for remorse gave o'er,
Or check'd his course for piety or shame;
Who, train'd a soldier, deem'd a soldier's fame
Might flourish in the wreath of battles won,
Though neither truth nor honour deck'd his name;
Who, placed by fortune on a Monarch's throne,
Reck'd not of Monarch's faith, or mercy's kingly tone.

XXXIX.

From a rude isle his ruder lineage came:
The spark, that, from a suburb hovel's hearth
Ascending, wraps some capital in flame,
Hath not a meaner or more sordid birth.
And for the soul that bade him waste the earth—
The sable land-flood from some swamp obscure,
That poisons the glad husband-field with dearth,
And by destruction bids its fame endure,
Hath not a source more sullen, stagnant, and impure.

XL.

Before that Leader strode a shadowy Form :

Her limbs like mist, her torch like meteor shew'd,
With which she beckon'd him through fight and
storm,

And all he crush'd that cross'd his desperate road,
Nor thought, nor fear'd, nor look'd on what he trode;
Realms could not glut his pride, blood could not
slake,

So oft as e'er she shook her torch abroad—

It was AMBITION bade her terrors wake,
Nor deign'd she, as of yore, a milder form to take.

XLI.

No longer now she spurn'd at mean revenge,

Or staid her hand for conquer'd foeman's moan,
As when, the fates of aged Rome to change,
By Cæsar's side she cross'd the Rubicon;
Nor joy'd she to bestow the spoils she won,

As when the banded powers of Greece were task'd
To war beneath the Youth of Macedon:

No seemly veil her modern minion ask'd,
He saw her hideous face, and loved the fiend un-
mask'd.

XLII.

That Prelate mark'd his march—On banners blazed

With battles won in many a distant land,
On eagle-standards and on arms he gazed;

“And hopest thou then,” he said, “thy power shall
stand?

O thou hast builded on the shifting sand,
And thou hast temper'd it with slaughter's flood;
And know, fell scourge in the Almighty's hand!
Gore-moisten'd trees shall perish in the bud,
And by a bloody death shall die the Man of Blood!"—

XLIII.

The ruthless Leader beckon'd from his train
A wan fraternal Shade, and bade him kneel,
And paled his temples with the crown of Spain,
While trumpets rang, and heralds cried, « Castile!»
Not that he loved him—No!—in no man's weal,
Scarce in his own, e'er joy'd that sullen heart;
Yet round that throne he bade his warriors wheel,
That the poor puppet might perform his part,
And be a sceptred slave, at his stern beck to start.

XLIV.

But on the Natives of that Land misused,
Not long the silence of amazement hung,
Nor brook'd they long their friendly faith abused;
For, with a common shriek, the general tongue
Exclaim'd, « To arms!» and fast to arms they sprung.
And VALOUR woke, that Genius of the Land!
Pleasure, and ease, and sloth, aside he flung,
As burst th' awakening Nazarite his band,
When 'gainst his treacherous foes he clench'd his
dreadful hand.

XLV.

That mimic Monarch now cast anxious eye
Upon the Satraps that begirt him round,
Now doff'd his royal robe in act to fly,
And from his brow the diadem unbound.

So oft, so near, the Patriot bugle wound,
From Tarik's walls to Bilboa's mountains blown,
These martial satellites hard labour found,
To guard awhile his substituted throne—
Light recking of his cause, but battling for their
own.

XLVI.

From Alpuhara's peak that bugle rung,
And it was echo'd from Corunna's wall;
Stately Seville responsive war-shout flung,
Grenada caught it in her Moorish hall;
Galicia bade her children fight or fall,
Wild Biscay shook his mountain-coronet,
Valencia roused her at the battle-call,
And, foremost still where Valour's sons are met,
Fast started to his gun each fiery Miquelet.

XLVII.

But unappall'd, and burning for the fight,
The Invaders march, of victory secure;
Skilful their force to sever or unite,
And train'd alike to vanquish or endure.
Nor skilful less, cheap conquest to insure,
Discord to breathe, and jealousy to sow,
To quell by boasting, and by bribes to lure;
While nought against them bring the unpractised
foe,
Save hearts for freedom's cause, and hands for free-
dom's blow.

XLVIII.

Proudly they march—but O! they march not forth,
By one hot field to crown a brief campaign,
As when their eagles, sweeping through the North,
Destroy'd at every stoop an ancient reign!
Far other fate had Heav'n decreed for Spain;
In vain the steel, in vain the torch was plied,
New Patriot armies started from the slain,
High blazed the war, and long, and far, and wide,
And oft the God of Battles blest the righteous side.

XLIX.

Nor unatoned, where Freedom's foes prevail,
Remain'd their savage waste. With blade and
brand,
By day the Invaders ravaged hill and dale,
But, with the darkness, the Guerilla band
Came like night's tempest, and avenged the land,
And claim'd for blood the retribution due,
Probed the hard heart, and lopp'd the murd'rous
hand,
And Dawn, when o'er the scene her beams she
threw,
Midst ruins they had made, the spoilers' corpses knew.

L.

What Minstrel verse may sing, or tongue may tell,
Amid the vision'd strife from sea to sea,
How oft the Patriot banners rose or fell,
Still honour'd in defeat as victory!

For that sad pageant of events to be,
Shew'd every form of fight by field and flood;
Slaughter and Ruin, shouting forth their glee,
Beheld, while riding on the tempest-scud,
The waters choak'd with slain, the earth bedrench'd
with blood!

LI.

Then Zaragoza—blighted be the tongue
That names thy name without the honour due!
For never hath the harp of minstrel rung,
Of faith so felly proved, so firmly true!
Mine, sap, and bomb, thy shatter'd ruins knew,
Each art of war's extremity had room,
Twice from thy half-sack'd streets the foe withdrew,
And when at length stern Fate decreed thy doom,
They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody
tomb.

LII.

Yet raise thy head, sad City! Though in chains,
Enthrall'd thou canst not be! Arise and claim
Reverence from every heart where Freedom reigns,
For what thou worshippest! — thy sainted Dame,
She of the Column, honour'd be her name,
By all, whate'er their creed, who honour love!
And like the sacred reliques of the flame,
That gave some martyr to the bless'd above,
To every loyal heart may thy sad embers prove!

LIII.

Nor thine alone such wreck. Gerona fair!
Faithful to death thy heroes should be sung,
Manning the towers while o'er their heads the air
Swart as the smoke from raging furnace hung;

Now thicker dark'ning where the mine was sprung,
Now briefly lighten'd by the cannon's flare,
Now arch'd with fire-sparks as the bomb was flung,
And redd'ning now with conflagration's glare,
While by the fatal light the foes for storm prepare.

LIV.

While all around was danger, strife, and fear,
While the earth shook, and darken'd was the
sky,
And wide Destruction stunn'd the listening ear,
Appall'd the heart, and stupified the eye,—
Afar was heard that thrice-repeated cry,
In which old Albion's heart and tongue unite,
Whene'er her soul is up, and pulse beats high,
Whether it hail the wine-cup or the fight,
And bid each arm be strong, or bid each heart be
light.

LV.

Don Roderick turn'd him as the shout grew loud—
A varied scene the changeful vision show'd,
For, where the ocean mingled with the cloud,
A gallant navy stemm'd the billows broad.
From mast and stern St George's symbol flow'd,
Blent with the silver cross to Scotland dear;
Mottling the sea their landward barges row'd,
And flash'd the sun on bayonet, brand, and spear,
And the wild beach return'd the seaman's jovial
cheer.

LVI.

It was a dread, yet spirit-stirring sight!

The billows foam'd beneath a thousand oars,
Fast as they land the red-cross ranks unite,

Legions on legions bright'ning all the shores.
Then banners rise, and cannon-signal roars,

Then peals the warlike thunder of the drum,
Thrills the loud fife, the trumpet-flourish pours,

And patriot hopes awake, and doubts are dumb,
For, bold in Freedom's cause, the bands of Ocean
come!

LVII.

A various host they came—whose ranks display
Each mode in which the warrior meets the fight,
The deep battalion locks its firm array,

And meditates his aim the marksman light;
Far glance the beams of sabres flashing bright,
Where mounted squadrons shake the echoing mead,
Lacks not artillery breathing flame and night,

Nor the fleet ordnance whirl'd by rapid steed,
That rivals lightning's flash in ruin and in speed.

LVIII.

A various host—from kindred realms they came,
Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown—

For yon fair bands shall merry England claim,

And with their deeds of valour deck her crown.

Her's their bold port, and her's their martial frown,

And her's their scorn of death in freedom's cause,
Their eyes of azure, and their locks of brown,

And the blunt speech that bursts without a pause,
And freeborn thoughts, which league the Soldier
with the Laws.

LIX.

And Oh! loved warriors of the Minstrel's land!

Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave!
The rugged form may mark the mountain band,
And harsher features, and a mien more grave;
But ne'er in battle-field throbb'd heart so brave
As that which beats beneath the Scottish plaid,
And when the pibroch bids the battle rave,
And level for the charge your arms are laid,
Where lives the desperate foe that for such onset
staid!

LX.

Hark! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings,
Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy,
His jest while each blithe comrade round him
flings,

And moves to death with military glee:
Boast, Erin, boast them! tameless, frank, and free,
In kindness warm, and fierce in danger known,
Rough Nature's children, humorous as she:

And He, yon Chieftain—strike the proudest tone
Of thy bold harp, green Isle! — the Hero is thine
own.

LXI.

Now on the scene Vimeira should be shown,

On Talavera's fight should Roderick gaze,
And hear Corunna wail her battle won,

And see Busaco's crest with lightning blaze:—

But shall fond fable mix with heroes' praise?
Hath Fiction's stage for Truth's long triumphs
room!
And dare her flowers mingle with the bays,
That claim a long eternity to bloom
Around the warrior's crest, and o'er the warrior's
tomb!

LXII.

Or may I give adventurous Fancy scope,
And stretch a bold hand to the awful veil
That hides futurity from anxious hope,
Bidding beyond it scenes of glory hail,
And painting Europe rousing at the tale
Of Spain's invaders from her confines hurl'd,
While kindling nations buckle on their mail,
And Fame, with clarion blast and wings unfurl'd,
To freedom and revenge awakes an injured World!

LXIII.

O vain, though anxious, is the glance I cast,
Since Fate has mark'd futurity her own:
Yet fate resigns to worth the glorious past,
The deeds recorded, and the laurels won.
Then, though the Vault of Destiny be gone,
King, Prelate, all the phantasms of my brain,
Melted away like mist-wreaths in the sun,
Yet grant for faith, for valour, and for Spain,
One note of pride and fire, a Patriot's parting strain!

CONCLUSION.

I.

“**W**HO shall command Estrella's mountain-tide
Back to the source, when tempest-chafed, to hie!
Who, when Gascogne's vex'd gulph is raging wide,
Shall hush it as a nurse her infant's cry?
His magic power let such vain boaster try,
And when the torrent shall his voice obey,
And Biscay's whirlwinds list his lullaby,
Let him stand forth and bar mine eagles' way,
And they shall heed his voice, and at his bidding stay.

II.

“Else ne'er to stoop, till high on Lisbon's towers
They close their wings, the symbol of our yoke,
And their own sea hath whelm'd yon red-cross
Powers!”—

Thus, on the summit of Alverca's rock,
To Marshal, Duke, and Peer, Gaul's Leader spoke.
While downward on the land his legions press,
Before them it was rich with vine and flock,
And smiled like Eden in her summer dress;—
Behind their wasteful march, a reeking wilderness.

III.

And shall the boastful Chief maintain his word,
Though Heaven hath heard the wailings of the
land,
Though Lusitania whet her vengeful sword,
Though Britons arm, and WELLINGTON command!
No! grim Busaco's iron ridge shall stand
An adamantine barrier to his force!
And from its base shall wheel his shatter'd band,
As from the unshaken rock the torrent hoarse
Bears off its broken waves, and seeks a devious course.

IV.

Yet not because Alcoba's mountain-hawk
Hath on his best and bravest made her food,
In numbers confident, yon Chief shall baulk
His Lord's imperial thirst for spoil and blood:
For full in view the promised conquest stood,
And Lisbon's matrons, from their walls, might sum
The myriads that had half the world subdued,
And hear the distant thunders of the drum,
That bids the bands of France to storm and havoc
come.

V.

Four moons have heard these thunders idly roll'd,
Have seen these wistful myriads eye their prey,
As famish'd wolves survey a guarded fold—
But in the middle path a Lion lay!
At length they move—but not to battle-fray,
Nor blaze yon fires where meets the manly fight;
Beacons of infamy they light the way,
Where cowardice and cruelty unite,
To damn with double shame their ignominious flight!

VI.

O triumph for the Fiends of Lust and Wrath!
Ne'er to be told, yet ne'er to be forgot,
What wanton horrors mark'd their wrackful path!
The peasant butcher'd in his ruin'd cot,
The hoary priest e'en at the altar shot,
Childhood and age given o'er to sword and flame,
Woman to infamy;—no crime forgot,
By which inventive dæmons might proclaim
Immortal hate to Man, and scorn of God's great name!

VII.

The rudest centinel, in Britain born,
With horror paused to view the havoc done,
Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch forlorn,
Wiped his stern eye, then fiercer grasp'd his gun.
Nor with less zeal shall Britain's peaceful son
Exult the debt of sympathy to pay;
Riches nor poverty the task shall shun,
Nor prince nor peer, the wealthy nor the gay,
Nor the poor peasant's mite, nor bard's more worth-
less lay.

VIII.

But thou—unfoughten wilt thou yield to Fate,
Minion of Fortune, now miscall'd in vain?
Can vantage-ground no confidence create,
Marcella's pass, nor Guarda's mountain-chain?
Vain-glorious Fugitive! yet turn again!
Behold, where, named by some prophetic Seer,
Flows Honour's Fountain⁽¹⁾ as fore-doom'd the stain
From thy dishonour'd name and arms to clear—
Fall'n child of Fortune, turn, redeem her favour here!

(1) The literal translation of *Fuentes d'Honoro*.

IX.

Yet, ere thou turn'st, collect each distant aid;
 Those chief that never heard the lion roar!
 Within whose souls lives not a trace pourtray'd,
 Of Talavera, or Mondego's shore!
 Marshal each band thou hast, and summon more;
 Of war's fell stratagems exhaust the whole;
 Rank upon rank, squadron on squadron pour,
 Legion on legion on thy foeman roll,
 And weary out his arm—thou canst not quell his soul.

X.

○ vainly gleams with steel Agueda's shore,
 Vainly thy squadrons hide Assuava's plain,
 And front the flying thunders as they roar,
 With frantic charge and tenfold odds, in vain!
 And what avails thee that, for CAMERON slain,
 Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was given—
 Vengeance and grief gave mountain-rage the rein,
 And, at the bloody spear-point headlong driven,
 Thy Despot's giant guards fled like the rack of heaven.

XI.

Go, baffled Boaster! teach thy haughty mood
 To plead at thine imperious master's throne,
 Say, thou hast left his legions in their blood,
 Deceived his hopes, and frustrated thine own;
 Say, that thine utmost skill and valour shown
 By British skill and valour were outvied;
 Last say, thy conqueror was WELLINGTON!
 And if he chafe, be his own fortune tried—
 God and our cause to friend, the venture we'll abide.

XII.

But ye, the heroes of that well-fought day,
How shall a bard, unknowing and unknown,
His meed to each victorious leader pay,
Or bind on every brow the laurels won?
Yet fain my harp would wake its boldest tone,
O'er the wide sea to hail CADOGAN brave;
And he, perchance, the minstrel note might own,
Mindful of meeting brief that Fortune gave
'Mid yon far western isles that hear the Atlantic rave.

XIII.

Yes! hard the task, when Britons wield the sword,
To give each Chief and every field its fame;
Hark! Albuera thunders BERESFORD,
And red Barosa shouts for dauntless GRÆME!
O for a verse of tumult and of flame,
Bold as the bursting of their cannon-sound,
To bid the world re-echo to their fame!
For never, upon gory battle-ground,
With conquest's well-bought wreath were braver vic-
tors crown'd!

XIV.

O who shall grudge him Albuera's bays,
Who brought a race regenerate to the field,
Roused them to emulate their fathers' praise,
Temper'd their headlong rage, their courage steel'd,
And raised fair Lusitania's fallen shield,
And gave new edge to Lusitania's sword,
And taught her sons forgotten arms to wield—
Shiver'd my harp, and burst its every chord,
If it forget thy worth, victorious BERESFORD!

XV.

Not on that bloody field of battle won,
Though Gaul's proud legions roll'd like mist away,
Was half his self-devoted valour shown,—
He gaged but life on that illustrious day;
But when he toil'd those squadrons to array,
Who fought like Britons in the bloody game,
Sharper than Polish pike, or assagay,
He braved the shafts of censure and of shame,
And, dearer far than life, he pledged a soldier's fame.

XVI.

Nor be his praise o'erpast who strove to hide
Beneath the warrior's vest affection's wound,
Whose wish Heaven for his country's weal denied
Danger and fate he sought, but glory found.
From clime to clime, where'er war's trumpets sound,
The wanderer went; yet, Caledonia! still
Thine was his thought in march and tented ground;
He dream'd 'mid Alpine cliffs of Athole's hill,
And heard in Ebro's roar his Lyndoch's lovely rill.

XVII.

O hero of a race renown'd of old,
Whose war-cry oft has waked the battle-swell,
Since first distinguish'd in the onset bold,
Wild sounding when the Roman rampart fell!
By Wallace' side it rung the Southron's knell,
Alderne, Kilsythe, and Tibber own'd its fame,
Tummell's rude pass can of its terrors tell;
But ne'er from prouder field arose the name,
Than when wild Ronda learn'd the conquering shout
of GRÆME!

XVIII.

But all too long, through seas unknown and dark,
 (With Spenser's parable I close my tale)
By shoal and rock hath steer'd my venturous bark,
 And landward now I drive before the gale.
And now the blue and distant shore I hail,
 And nearer now I see the port expand,
And now I gladly furl my weary sail,
 And, as the prow light touches on the strand,
I strike my red-cross flag, and bind my skiff to land.

THE END OF DON RODERICK.

NOTES.

NOTES

NOTES ON THE INTRODUCTION.

Note I.

And Cattraeth's vales with voice of triumph rung,

And mystic Merlin harp'd, and grey-hair'd Llywarch sung.—P. 120.

THIS locality may startle those readers who do not recollect, that much of the ancient poetry, preserved in Wales, refers less to the history of the principality to which that name is now limited, than to events which happened in the North-west of England and South-west of Scotland, where the Britons for a long time made a stand against the Saxons. The battle of Cattraeth, lamented by the celebrated Aneurin, is supposed by the learned Dr Leyden to have been fought on the skirts of Ettrick forest. It is known to the English reader by the paraphrase of Gray, beginning,

Had I but the torrent's might,

With headlong rage and wild affright, etc.

But it is not so generally known that the champions, mourned in this beautiful dirge, were the British inhabitants of Edinburgh, who were cut off by the Saxons of Deiria, or Northumberland, about the latter part of the sixth century.—TURNER'S *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, edition 1799, vol. i. p. 222.—Llywarch, the celebrated bard and monarch, was Prince of Argwood, in Cumberland; and his youthful exploits were performed upon the Border, although in his age he was driven into Powys by the successes of the Anglo-Saxons. As for Merlin Wylt, or

the Savage, his name of Caledonian, and his retreat into the Caledonian wood, appropriate him to Scotland. Fordun dedicates the thirty-first chapter of the third book of his *Scoto-Chronicon*, to a narration of the death of this celebrated bard and prophet near Drummelziar, a village upon Tweed, which is supposed to have derived its name, (*quasi Tumulus Merlini*), from the event. The particular spot in which he is buried is still shewn, and appears, from the following quotation, to have partaken of his prophetic qualities:—"There is one thing remarkable here, which is, that the burn, called Pausayl, runs by the east side of this church-yard into the Tweed; at the side of which burn, a little below the church-yard, the famous prophet Merlin is said to be buried. The particular place of his grave, at the root of a thorn-tree, was shewn me many years ago, by the old and reverend minister of the place, Mr Richard Brown; and here was the old prophecy fulfilled, delivered in Scots rhyme, to this purpose:

When Tweed and Pausayl meet at Merlin's grave,
Scotland and England shall one Monarch have.

* For the same day that our King James the Sixth was crowned King of England, the river Tweed, by an extraordinary flood, so far overflowed its banks, that it met and joined with Pausayl at the said grave, which was never before observed to fall out.—PENNYCUK'S *Description of Tweeddale*, Edin. 1715, 4. p. 26.

Note II.

—where the lingering fays renew their ring,
By milk-maid seen beneath the hawthorn-hoar,

Or round the marge of Minchmore's haunted spring.—P. 121.

A belief in the existence and nocturnal revels of the fairies still lingers among the vulgar in Selkirkshire. A copious fountain upon the ridge of Minchmore, called the Cheesewell, is supposed to be sacred to these fanciful spirits, and it was customary to propitiate them by throwing in something upon passing it. A pin was the usual oblation, and the ceremony is still sometimes practised, though rather in jest than earnest

Note III.

—verse spontaneous.—P. 122.

The flexibility of the Italian and Spanish languages, and perhaps the liveliness of their genius, renders these countries distinguished for the talent of improvisation, which is found even among the lowest of the people. It is mentioned by Baretti and other travellers.

Note IV.

— —the deeds of Græme.—P. 122.

Over a name sacred for ages to heroic verse, a poet may be allowed to exercise some power. I have used the freedom, here and elsewhere, to alter the orthography of the name of my gallant countryman, in order to apprise the southern reader of its legitimate sound;—Grahame being, on the other side of the Tweed, usually pronounced as a dissyllable.

NOTES ON THE VISION.

Note I.

For fair Florinda's plunder'd charms to pay.—P. 126.

Almost all the Spanish historians, as well as the voice of tradition, ascribe the invasion of the Moors to the forcible violation committed by Roderick upon Florinda, called by the Moors Caba, or Cava. She was the daughter of Count Julian, one of the Gothic monarch's principal lieutenants, who, when the crime was perpetrated, was engaged in the defence of Ceuta against the Moors. In his indignation at the ingratitude of his sovereign, and the dishonour of his daughter, Count Julian forgot the duties of a Christian and a patriot, and, forming an alliance with Musa, then the caliph's lieutenant in Africa, he countenanced the invasion of Spain by a body of Saracens and Africans, commanded by the celebrated Tarik; the issue of which was the defeat and death of Roderick, and the occupation of almost the whole peninsula by the Moors. Voltaire, in his General History, expresses his doubts of this popular story, and Gibbon gives him some countenance. But the universal tradition is quite sufficient for the purposes of poetry. The Spaniards, in detestation of Florinda's memory, are said, by Cervantes, never to bestow that name upon any human female, reserving it for their dogs. Nor is the tradition less inveterate among the Moors, since the same author mentions a promontory on the coast of Barbary, called «The Cape of Caba Rumia, which in our tongue, is the Cape of the Wicked Christian woman; and it is a tradition among the Moors, that Caba, the daughter of Count Julian, who was the cause of

the loss of Spain, lies buried there, and they think it ominous to be forced into that bay ; for they never go in otherwise than by necessity.”

Note II.

And guide me, Priest, to that mysterious room,

Where, if aught true in old tradition be,

His nation's future fate a Spanish King shall see.—P. 128.

The transition of an incident from history to tradition, and from tradition to fable and romance, becoming more marvelous at each step from its original simplicity, is not ill exemplified in the account of the “Fated Chamber” of Don Roderick, as given by his namesake, the historian of Toledo, contrasted with subsequent and more romantic accounts of the same subterranean discovery. I give the Archbishop of Toledo's tale in the words of Nonius, who seems to intimate, (though very modestly,) that the *fatale palatium*, of which so much had been said, was only the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre.

“Extra muros, septentrionem versus, vestigia magni olim theatri sparsa visuntur. Auctor est Rodericus Toletanus Archiepiscopus ante Arabum in Hispanias irruptionem, hic *fatale palatium*, fuisse; quod invicti vectes, æterna ferri robora claudebant, ne reseratum Hispaniæ excidium adferret; quod in fatis non vulgus solum, sed et prudentissimi quique credebant. Sed Roderici ultimi Gothorum Regis animum infelix curiositas subiit, sciendi quid sub tot vetitis claustris observaretur; ingentes ibi superiorum regum opes et arcanos thesauros servari ratus. Seras et pessulos perfringi curat, invitis omnibus, nihil præter arculam repletam, et in ea linteum, quo explicato novæ et insolentes hominum facies habitusque apparuere, cum inscriptione Latina, *Hispaniæ excidium ab illa gente imminere*; Vultus habitusque Maurorum erant. Quamobrem ex Africa tantam cladem instare regi cæterisque persuasum; nec falso ut Hispaniæ annales etiamnum querantur.”—*Hispania Ludovic. Nonij*, cap. lix.

But about the term of the expulsion of the Moors from Granada, we find, in the “*Historia Verdadera del Rey Don Roderigo*,” a (pretended) translation from the Arabic of the sage Alcayde

Albucacim Tarif Abentarique, a legend which puts to shame the modesty of the historian Roderick, with his chest and prophetic picture. The custom of ascribing a pretended Moorish original to these legendary histories, is ridiculed by Cervantes, who affects to translate the history of the Knight of the Woeful Figure, from the Arabic of the sage Cid Hamet Benengeli. As I have been indebted to the *Historia Verdadera* for some of the imagery employed in the text, the following literal translation from the work itself may gratify the inquisitive reader:—

“ One mile on the east side of the city of Toledo, among some rocks, was situated an ancient tower, of a magnificent structure, though much dilapidated by time, which consumes all: four estadoes, (*i. e.* four times a man’s height,) below it, there was a cave with a very narrow entrance, and a gate cut out of the solid rock, lined with a strong covering of iron, and fastened with many locks; above the gate some Greek letters are engraved, which, although abbreviated, and of doubtful meaning, were thus interpreted according to the exposition of learned men:— ‘The king who opens this cave, and can discover the wonders, will discover both good and evil things.’—Many kings desired to know the mystery of this tower, and sought to find out the manner with much care: but when they opened the gate, such a tremendous noise arose in the cave, that it appeared as if the earth was bursting; many of those present sickened with fear, and others lost their lives. In order to prevent such great perils, (as they supposed a dangerous enchantment was contained within,) they secured the gate with new locks, concluding, that though a king was destined to open it, the fated time was not yet arrived. At last King Don Rodrigo, led on by his evil fortune and unlucky destiny, opened the tower; and some bold attendants whom he had brought with him entered, although agitated with fear. Having proceeded a good way, they fled back to the entrance, terrified with a frightful vision which they had beheld. The king was greatly moved, and ordered many torches, so contrived that the tempest in the cave could not extinguish them, to be lighted. Then the king entered, not without fear, before all the others. They discovered, by degrees, a splendid hall, apparently

built in a very sumptuous manner; in the middle stood a Bronze Statue of very ferocious appearance, which held a battle-axe in its hands. With this he struck the floor violently, giving it such heavy blows, that the noise in the cave was occasioned by the motion of the air. The king, greatly affrighted and astonished, began to conjure this terrible vision, promising that he would return without doing any injury in the cave, after he had obtained sight of what was contained in it. The statue ceased to strike the floor, and the king, with his followers, somewhat assured, and recovering their courage, proceeded into the hall; and on the left of the statue they found this inscription on the wall; 'Unfortunate king, thou hast entered here in evil hour.' On the right side of the wall these words were inscribed, 'By strange nations thou shalt be dispossessed, and thy subjects foully degraded.' On the shoulders of the statue other words were written, which said, 'I call upon the Arabs.' And upon his breast was written, 'I do my office.' At the entrance of the hall there was placed a round bowl, from which a great noise, like the fall of waters, proceeded. They found no other thing in the hall; and when the king, sorrowful and greatly affected, had scarcely turned about to leave the cavern, the statue again commenced its accustomed blows upon the floor. After they had mutually promised to conceal what they had seen, they again closed the tower, and blocked up the gate of the cavern with earth, that no memory might remain in the world of such a portentous and evil-boding prodigy. The ensuing midnight they heard great cries and clamour from the cave, resounding like the noise of a battle, and the ground shaking with a tremendous roar; the whole edifice of the old tower fell to the ground, by which they were greatly affrighted, the vision which they had beheld appearing to them as a dream.

"The king, having left the tower, ordered wise men to explain what the inscriptions signified; and having consulted upon and studied their meaning, they declared that the statue of bronze, with the motion which it made with its battle-axe, signified Time; and that its office, alluded to in the inscription on his breast, was, that he never rests a single moment. The words on the shoulders,

'I call upon the Arabs,' they expounded that in time Spain would be conquered by the Arabs. The words upon the left wall signified the destruction of King Rodrigo; those on the right, the dreadful calamities which were to fall upon the Spaniards and Goths, and that the unfortunate king would be dispossessed of all his states. Finally, the letters on the portal indicated, that good would betide to the conquerors, and evil to the conquered, of which experience proved the truth."—*Historia Verdadera del Rey Don Rodrigo*. Quinta impression. Madrid, 1654. 4. p. 23.

Note III.

The Tecbir war-cry and the Lelies yell.—P. 132.

The tecbir, (derived from the words *Alla acbar*, God is most mighty,) was the original war-cry of the Saracens. It is celebrated by Hughes in the Siege of Damascus :

We heard the Tecbir; so these Arabs call
Their shout of onset, when with loud appeal
They challenge Heaven, as if demanding conquest.

The *Lelie*, well known to the Christians during the crusades, is the shout of *Alla illa Alla*, the Mahomedan confession of faith. It is twice used in poetry by my friend Mr W. Stuart Rose, in the Romance of Partenopex, and in the crusade of St Lewis.

Note IV.

By Heaven, the Moors prevail!—the Christians yield!

Their coward leader gives for flight the sign!

The scepter'd craven mounts to quit the field—

*Is not yon steed Orelia?—Yes, 'tis mine!—*P. 132.

Count Julian, the father of the injured Florinda, with the connivance and assistance of Oppas, Archbishop of Toledo, invited, in 713, the Saracens into Spain. A considerable army arrived under the command of Tarik, or Tarif, who bequeathed the well-known name of Gibraltar (*Gibel al Tarick*, or the mountain of Tarik) to the place of his landing. He was joined by Count

Julian, ravaged Andalusia, and took Seville. In 714 they returned with a still greater force, and Roderick marched into Andalusia at the head of a great army to give them battle. The field was chosen near Xeres, and Mariana gives the following account of the action :

« Both armies being drawn up, the king, according to the custom of the Gothic kings when they went to battle, appeared in an ivory chariot, clothed in cloth of gold, encouraging his men; Tarif, on the other side, did the same. The armies, thus prepared, waited only for the signal to fall on; the Goths gave the charge, their drums and trumpets sounding, and the Moors received it with the noise of kettle-drums. Such were the shouts and cries on both sides, that the mountains and valleys seemed to meet. First they began with slings, darts, javelins, and lances, then came to the swords; a long time the battle was dubious; but the Moors seemed to have the worst, till D. Oppas, the Archbishop, having to that time concealed his treachery, in the heat of the fight, with a great body of his followers, went over to the infidels. He joined Count Julian, with whom was a great number of Goths, and both together fell upon the flank of our army. Our men, terrified with that unparalleled treachery, and tired with fighting, could no longer sustain that charge, but were easily put to flight. The king performed the part not only of a wise general but of a resolute soldier, relieving the weakest, bringing on fresh men in place of those that were tired, and stopping those that turned their backs. At length, seeing no hope left, he alighted out of his chariot for fear of being taken, and mounting on a horse, called Orelia, he withdrew out of the battle. The Goths, who still stood, missing him, were most part put to the sword, the rest betook themselves to flight. The camp was immediately entered, and the baggage taken. What number was killed is not known : I suppose they were so many it was hard to count them ; for this single battle robbed Spain of all its glory, and in it perished the renowned name of the Goths. The king's horse, upper garment, and buskins, covered with pearls and precious stones, were found on the bank of the river Guadelite, and there being no news of him afterwards, it was supposed he was

drowned passing the river." —MARIANA'S *History of Spain*, book vi. chap. 9.

Orelia, the courser of Don Roderick, mentioned in the text, and in the above quotation, was celebrated for her speed and form. She is mentioned repeatedly in Spanish romance, and also by Cervantes.

Note V.

When for the light Bolero ready stand

The Mozo blithe with gay Muchacha met.—P. 137.

The Bolero is a very light and active dance, much practised by the Spaniards, in which castanets are always used. *Moza* and *Muchacha* are equivalent to our phrase of lad and lass.

Note VI.

While trumpets rang, and heralds cried « Castile.»—P. 141.

The heralds at the coronation of a Spanish monarch proclaim his name three times, and repeat three times the word *Castilla*, *Castilla*, *Castilla*; which, with all other ceremonies, was carefully copied in the mock inauguration of Joseph Buonaparte.

Note VII.

High blazed the war, and long, and far, and wide.—P. 143.

Those who were disposed to believe that mere virtue and energy are able of themselves to work forth the salvation of an oppressed people, surprised in a moment of confidence, deprived of their officers, armies, and fortresses, who had every means of resistance to seek in the very moment when they were to be made use of, and whom the numerous treasons among the higher orders deprived of confidence in their natural leaders,—those who entertained this enthusiastic but delusive opinion, may be pardoned for expressing their disappointment at the protracted warfare in the peninsula. There are, however, another class of persons, who, having themselves the highest dread or veneration, or something allied to both, for the power of the modern Attila, will nevertheless give the heroical Spaniards little or no credit for the long, stubborn, and unsubdued resistance of three years

to a power before whom their former well-prepared, well-armed, and numerous adversaries fell in the course of as many months. While these gentlemen plead for deference to Buonaparte, and crave

Respect for his great place—and bid the Devil
Be duly honour'd for his burning throne,

it may not be altogether unreasonable to claim some modification of censure upon those who have been long and to a great extent successfully resisting this great enemy of mankind. That the energy of Spain has not uniformly been directed by conduct equal to its vigour, has been too obvious; that her armies, under their complicated disadvantages, have shared the fate of such as were defeated after taking the field with every possible advantage of arms and discipline, is surely not to be wondered at. But that a nation, under the circumstances of repeated discomfiture, internal treason, and the mismanagement incident to a temporary and hastily adopted government, should have wasted, by its stubborn, uniform, and prolonged resistance, myriads after myriads of those soldiers who had overrun the world—that some of its provinces should, like Galicia, after being abandoned by their allies, and overrun by their enemies, have recovered their freedom by their own unassisted exertions; that others, like Catalonia, undismayed by the treason which betrayed some fortresses, and the force which subdued others, should not only have continued their resistance, but have attained over their victorious enemy a superiority, which is even now enabling them to besiege and retake the places of strength which had been wrested from them,—is a tale hitherto untold in the revolutionary war. To say that such a people cannot be subdued, would be presumption similar to that of those who protested that Spain could not defend herself for a year, or Portugal for a month; but that a resistance which has been continued for so long a space, when the usurper, except during the short-lived Austrian campaign, had no other enemies on the continent, should be now less successful, when repeated defeats have broken the reputation of the French armies, and

when they are likely, (it would seem almost in desperation) to seek occupation elsewhere, is a prophecy as improbable as ungracious. And while we are in the humour of severely censuring our allies, gallant and devoted as they have shewn themselves in the cause of national liberty, because they may not instantly adopt those measures which we in our wisdom may deem essential to success, it might be well, if we endeavoured first to resolve the previous questions,—1st, Whether we do not at this moment know much less of the Spanish armies than of those of Portugal, which were so promptly condemned as totally inadequate to assist in the preservation of their country? 2d, Whether, independently of any right we have to offer more than advice and assistance to our independent allies, we can expect that they should renounce entirely the national pride, which is inseparable from patriotism, and at once condescend not only to be saved by our assistance, but to be saved in our own way? 3d, Whether, if it be an object, (as undoubtedly it is a main one,) that the Spanish troops should be trained under British discipline, to the flexibility of movement, and power of rapid concert and combination, which is essential to modern war, such a consummation is likely to be produced by abusing them in newspapers and periodical publications? Lastly, Since the undoubted authority of British officers makes us now acquainted with part of the horrors that attend invasion, and which the Providence of God, the valour of our navy, and perhaps the very efforts of these Spaniards, have hitherto diverted from us, it may be modestly questioned whether we ought to be too forward to estimate and condemn the feeling of temporary stupefaction which they create; lest, in so doing, we should resemble the worthy clergyman, who, while he had himself never snuffed a candle with his fingers, was disposed severely to criticise the conduct of a martyr who winced a little among his flames.

Note VIII.

They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody tomb.—P. 144.

The interesting account of Mr Vaughan has made most readers acquainted with the first siege of Zaragoza. The last and fatal siege of that gallant and devoted city is detailed with great

eloquence and precision in the «*Edinburgh Annual Register*» for 1809,—a work in which the affairs of Spain have been treated of with attention corresponding to their deep interest, and to the peculiar sources of information open to the historian. The following are a few brief extracts from this splendid historical narrative:—

«A breach was soon made in the mud walls, and then, as in the former siege, the war was carried on in the streets and houses; but the French had been taught by experience, that in this species of warfare the Zaragozans derived a superiority from the feeling and principle which inspired them, and the cause for which they fought. The only means of conquering Zaragoza was to destroy it house by house, and street by street, and upon this system of destruction they proceeded. Three companies of miners and eight companies of sappers carried on this subterraneous war; the Spaniards, it is said, attempted to oppose them by countermines: these were operations to which they were wholly unused, and, according to the French statement, their miners were every day discovered and suffocated. Meantime the bombardment was incessantly kept up. ‘Within the last forty-eight hours,’ said Palafox, in a letter to his friend General Doyle, ‘6000 shells have been thrown in. Two-thirds of the town are in ruins, but we shall perish under the ruins of the remaining third rather than surrender.’ In the course of the siege above 17,000 bombs were thrown at the town; the stock of powder with which Zaragoza had been stored was exhausted; they had none at last but what they manufactured day by day; and no other cannon-balls than those which were shot into the town, and which they collected and fired back upon the enemy.”———

In the midst of these horrors and privations, the pestilence broke out in Zaragoza. To various causes, enumerated by the annalist, he adds, «scantiness of food, crowded quarters, unusual exertion of body, anxiety of mind, and the impossibility of recruiting their exhausted strength by needful rest in a city which was almost incessantly bombarded, and where every hour their sleep was broken by the tremendous explosion of mines. There

was now no respite, either by day or night, for this devoted city; even the natural order of light and darkness was destroyed in Zaragoza; by day it was involved in a red sulphureous atmosphere of smoke, which hid the face of heaven; by night the fire of cannons and mortars, and the flames of burning houses, kept it in a state of terrific illumination.

“When once the pestilence had begun it was impossible to check its progress, or confine it to one quarter of the city. Hospitals were immediately established,—there were above thirty of them; as soon as one was destroyed by the bombardment, the patients were removed to another, and thus the infection was carried to every part of Zaragoza. Famine aggravated the evil; the city had probably not been sufficiently provided at the commencement of the siege, and of the provisions which it contained, much was destroyed in the daily ruin which the mines and bombs effected. Had the Zaragozans and their garrison proceeded according to military rules, they would have surrendered before the end of January; their batteries had then been demolished, there were open breaches in many parts of their weak walls, and the enemy were already within the city. On the 30th above sixty houses were blown up, and the French obtained possession of the monasteries of the Augustines and Les Monicas, which adjoined each other, two of the last defensible places left. The enemy forced their way into the church; every column, every chapel, every altar, became a point of defence, which was repeatedly attacked, taken, and retaken; the pavement was covered with blood, the aisles and body of the church strewn with the dead, who were trampled under foot by the combatants. In the midst of this conflict, the roof, shattered by repeated bombs, fell in; the few who were not crushed, after a short pause, which this tremendous shock and their own unexpected escape occasioned, renewed the fight with rekindling fury: fresh parties of the enemy poured in; monks, and citizens, and soldiers came to the defence, and the contest was continued upon the ruins, and the bodies of the dead and the dying.”

Yet, seventeen days after sustaining these extremities, did the

heroic inhabitants of Zaragoza continue their defence; nor did they then surrender until their despair had extracted from the French generals a capitulation, more honourable than has been granted to fortresses of the first order.

Who shall venture to refuse the Zaragozans the eulogium conferred upon them by the eloquence of Wordsworth! — “Most gloriously have the citizens of Zaragoza proved that the true army of Spain, in a contest of this nature, is the whole people. The same city has also exemplified a melancholy, yea, a dismal truth, — yet consolatory and full of joy, — that when a people are called suddenly to fight for their liberty, and are sorely pressed upon, their best field of battle is the floors upon which their children have played; the chambers where the family of each man has slept (his own or his neighbours’;) upon or under the roofs by which they have been sheltered; in the gardens of their recreation; in the street, or in the market-place; before the altars of their temples, and among their congregated dwellings, blazing or up-rooted.

“The government of Spain must never forget Zaragoza for a moment. Nothing is wanting to produce the same effects everywhere, but a leading mind, such as that city was blessed with. In the latter contest this has been proved; for Zaragoza contained, at that time, bodies of men from almost all parts of Spain. The narrative of those two sieges should be the manual of every Spaniard. He may add to it the ancient stories of Numantia and Saguntum; let him sleep upon the book as a pillow, and, if he be a devout adherent to the religion of his country, let him wear it in his bosom for his crucifix to rest upon.”

Note IX.

—*the Vault of Destiny*.—P. 148.

Before finally dismissing the enchanted cavern of Don Roderick, it may be noticed, that the legend occurs in one of Calderon’s plays, entitled, *La Virgen del Sagrario*. The scene opens with the noise of the chase, and Recisundo, a predecessor of Roderick upon the Gothic throne, enters pursuing a stag. The

animal assumes the form of a man, and defies the king to enter the cave, which forms the bottom of the scene, and engage with him in single combat. The king accepts the challenge, and they engage accordingly, but without advantage on either side, which induces the Genie to inform Recisundo, that he is not the monarch for whom the adventure of the enchanted cavern is reserved, and he proceeds to predict the downfall of the Gothic monarchy, and of the Christian religion, which shall attend the discovery of its mysteries. Recisundo, appalled by these prophecies, orders the cavern to be secured by a gate and bolts of iron. In the second part of the same play we are informed, that Don Roderick had removed the barrier and transgressed the prohibition of his ancestor, and had been apprized by the prodigies which he discovered of the approaching ruin of his kingdom.

...the first of these ...
...the second ...
...the third ...
...the fourth ...
...the fifth ...
...the sixth ...
...the seventh ...
...the eighth ...
...the ninth ...
...the tenth ...
...the eleventh ...
...the twelfth ...
...the thirteenth ...
...the fourteenth ...
...the fifteenth ...
...the sixteenth ...
...the seventeenth ...
...the eighteenth ...
...the nineteenth ...
...the twentieth ...
...the twenty-first ...
...the twenty-second ...
...the twenty-third ...
...the twenty-fourth ...
...the twenty-fifth ...
...the twenty-sixth ...
...the twenty-seventh ...
...the twenty-eighth ...
...the twenty-ninth ...
...the thirtieth ...
...the thirty-first ...
...the thirty-second ...
...the thirty-third ...
...the thirty-fourth ...
...the thirty-fifth ...
...the thirty-sixth ...
...the thirty-seventh ...
...the thirty-eighth ...
...the thirty-ninth ...
...the fortieth ...
...the forty-first ...
...the forty-second ...
...the forty-third ...
...the forty-fourth ...
...the forty-fifth ...
...the forty-sixth ...
...the forty-seventh ...
...the forty-eighth ...
...the forty-ninth ...
...the fiftieth ...
...the fifty-first ...
...the fifty-second ...
...the fifty-third ...
...the fifty-fourth ...
...the fifty-fifth ...
...the fifty-sixth ...
...the fifty-seventh ...
...the fifty-eighth ...
...the fifty-ninth ...
...the sixtieth ...
...the sixty-first ...
...the sixty-second ...
...the sixty-third ...
...the sixty-fourth ...
...the sixty-fifth ...
...the sixty-sixth ...
...the sixty-seventh ...
...the sixty-eighth ...
...the sixty-ninth ...
...the seventieth ...
...the seventy-first ...
...the seventy-second ...
...the seventy-third ...
...the seventy-fourth ...
...the seventy-fifth ...
...the seventy-sixth ...
...the seventy-seventh ...
...the seventy-eighth ...
...the seventy-ninth ...
...the eightieth ...
...the eighty-first ...
...the eighty-second ...
...the eighty-third ...
...the eighty-fourth ...
...the eighty-fifth ...
...the eighty-sixth ...
...the eighty-seventh ...
...the eighty-eighth ...
...the eighty-ninth ...
...the ninetieth ...
...the ninety-first ...
...the ninety-second ...
...the ninety-third ...
...the ninety-fourth ...
...the ninety-fifth ...
...the ninety-sixth ...
...the ninety-seventh ...
...the ninety-eighth ...
...the ninety-ninth ...
...the hundredth ...

NOTES ON THE CONCLUSION.

Note I.

*While downward on the land his legions press,
Before them it was rich with vine and flock,
And smiled like Eden in her summer dress ;—
Behind their wasteful march, a reeking wilderness.—P. 149.*

I have ventured to apply to the movements of the French army that sublime passage in the prophecies of Joel, which seems applicable to them in more respects than that I have adopted in the text. One would think their ravages, their military appointments, the terror which they spread among invaded nations, their military discipline, their arts of political intrigue and deceit, were distinctly pointed out in the following verses of Scripture :—

2. « A day of darknesse and of gloominesse, a day of clouds and of thick darknesse, as the morning spread upon the mountains : a great people and a strong, there hath not been ever the like, neither shall be any more after it, even to the years of many generations.

3. « A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a flame burneth : the land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behinde them a desolate wilderness, yea, and nothing shall escape them.

4. « The appearance of them is as the appearance of horses, and as horsemen, so shall they runne.

5. « Like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains, shall

they leap, like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble, as a strong people set in battel array.

6. « Before their face shall the people be much pained: all faces shall gather blacknesse.

7. « They shall run like mighty men, they shall climbe the wall like men of warre, and they shall march every one in his wayes, and they shall not break their ranks.

8. « Neither shall one thrust another, they shall walk every one in his path: and when they fall upon the sword they shall not be wounded.

9. « They shall run to and fro in the citie: they shall run upon the wall, they shall climbe up upon the houses: they shall enter in at the windows like a thief.

10. « The earth shall quake before them, the heavens shall tremble, the sunne and the moon shall be dark, and the starres shall withdraw their shining.»

In verse 20th also, which announces the retreat of the northern army, described in such dreadful colours, into a « land barren and desolate,» and the dishonour with which God afflicted them for having « magnified themselves to do great things,» there are particulars not inapplicable to the retreat of Massena; Divine Providence having, in all ages, attached disgrace as the natural punishment of cruelty and presumption.

Note II.

The rudest centinel, in Britain born,

Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch forlorn.—P. 151.

Even the unexampled gallantry of the British army in the campaign of 1810-11, although they never fought but to conquer, will do them less honour in history than their humanity, attentive to soften to the utmost of their power the horrors which war, in its mildest aspect, must always inflict upon the defenceless inhabitants of the country in which it is waged, and which, on this occasion, were tenfold augmented by the barbarous cruelties of the French. Soup-kitchens were established by subscription among the officers, wherever the troops were quartered for any length of time. The commissaries contri-

buted the heads, feet, etc. of the cattle slaughtered for the soldiery; rice, vegetables, and bread where it could be had, were purchased by the officers. Fifty or sixty starving peasants were daily fed at one of these regimental establishments, and carried home the reliques to their famished households. The emaciated wretches, who could not crawl from weakness, were speedily employed in pruning their vines. While pursuing Massena, the soldiers evinced the same spirit of humanity; and, in many instances, when reduced themselves to short allowance, from having out-marched their supplies, they shared their pittance with the starving inhabitants who had ventured back to view the ruins of their habitations, burnt by the retreating enemy, and to bury the bodies of their relations whom they had butchered. Is it possible to know such facts without feeling a sort of confidence, that those who so well deserve victory are most likely to attain it? — It is not the least of Lord Wellington's military merits, that the slightest disposition towards marauding meets immediate punishment. Independently of all moral obligation, the army which is most orderly in a friendly country, has always proved most formidable to an armed enemy.

Note III.

Vain-glorious Fugitive!—P. 151.

The French conducted this memorable retreat with much of the *fanfarronade* proper to their country, by which they attempt to impose upon others, and perhaps on themselves, a belief that they are triumphing in the very moment of their discomfiture. On the 30th March, 1811, their rear-guard was overtaken near Pega by the British cavalry. Being well posted, and conceiving themselves safe from infantry, (who were indeed many miles in the rear,) and from artillery, they indulged themselves in parading their bands of music, and actually performed « God save the King.» Their minstrelsy was however deranged by the undesired accompaniment of the British horse-artillery, on whose part in the concert they had not calculated. The surprise was sudden, and the rout complete; for the artillery and cavalry did execution upon them for about four miles, pursuing at the gallop as often as they got beyond the range of the guns.

Note IV.

*Vainly thy squadrons hide Assuava's plain,
And front the flying thunders as they roar,*

With frantic charge and ten-fold odds, in vain!—P. 152.

In the severe action of Fuentes d'Honoro, upon 5th May, 1811, the grand mass of the French cavalry attacked the right of the British position, covered by two guns of the horse-artillery, and two squadrons of cavalry. After suffering considerably from the fire of the guns, which annoyed them in every attempt at formation, the enemy turned their wrath entirely towards them, distributed brandy among their troopers, and advanced to carry the field-pieces with the desperation of drunken fury. They were in no ways checked by the heavy loss which they sustained in this daring attempt, but closed, and fairly mingled with the British cavalry, to whom they bore the proportion of ten to one. Captain Ramsay, (let me be permitted to name a gallant countryman,) who commanded the two guns, dismissed them at the gallop, and, putting himself at the head of the mounted artillerymen, ordered them to fall upon the French, sabre-in-hand. This very unexpected conversion of artillerymen into dragoons contributed greatly to the defeat of the enemy, already disconcerted by the reception they had met from the two British squadrons; and the appearance of some small reinforcements, notwithstanding the immense disproportion of force, put them to absolute rout. A colonel or major of their cavalry, and many prisoners, (almost all intoxicated,) remained in our possession. Those who consider for a moment the difference of the services, and how much an artilleryman is necessarily and naturally led to identify his own safety and utility with abiding by the tremendous implement of war, to the exercise of which he is chiefly, if not exclusively, trained, will know how to estimate the presence of mind which commanded so bold a manœuvre, and the steadiness and confidence with which it was executed.

Note V.

And what avails thee that, for Cameron slain,

Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was given—P. 152.

The gallant Colonel Cameron was wounded mortally during the

desperate contest in the streets of the village called Fuentes d'Honoro. He fell at the head of his native Highlanders, the 71st and 79th, who raised a dreadful shriek of grief and rage. They charged, with irresistible fury, the finest body of French grenadiers ever seen, being a part of Buonaparte's selected guard. The officer who led the French, a man remarkable for stature and symmetry, was killed on the spot. The Frenchman who stepped out of his rank to take aim at Colonel Cameron, was also bayoneted, pierced with a thousand wounds, and almost torn to pieces by the furious Highlanders, who, under the command of Colonel Cadogan, bore the enemy out of the contested ground at the point of the bayonet. Massena pays my countrymen a singular compliment in his account of the attack and defence of this village, in which he says, the British lost many officers, *and Scotch*.

Note VI.

O who shall grudge him Albuera's bays,

Who brought a race regenerate to the field,

Roused them to emulate their fathers' praise,

Temper'd their headlong rage, their courage steel'd.—P. 153.

Nothing during the war of Portugal seems, to a distinct observer, more deserving of praise, than the self-devotion of Field-Marshal Beresford, who was contented to undertake all the hazard of obloquy which might have been founded upon any miscarriage in the highly important experiment of training the Portuguese troops to an improved state of discipline. In exposing his military reputation to the censure of imprudence from the most moderate, and all manner of unutterable calumnies from the ignorant and malignant, he placed at stake the dearest pledge which a military man had to offer, and nothing but the deepest conviction of the high and essential importance attached to success can be supposed an adequate motive. How great the chance of miscarriage was supposed, may be estimated from the general opinion of officers of unquestioned talents and experience, possessed of every opportunity of information; how completely the experiment has succeeded, and how much the spirit and patriot-

ism of our ancient allies had been under-rated, is evident, not only from those victories in which they have borne a distinguished share, but from the liberal and highly honourable manner in which these opinions have been retracted. The success of this plan, with all its important consequences, we owe to the indefatigable exertions of Field-Marshal Beresford.

Note VII.

— — — *a race renown'd of old,*

Whose war-cry oft has waked the battle-swell.—P. 154.

This stanza alludes to the various achievements of the warlike family of Græme, or Grahame. They are said, by tradition, to have descended from the Scottish chief, under whose command his countrymen stormed the wall built by the Emperor Severus between the firths of Forth and Clyde, the fragments of which are still popularly called Græme's Dyke. Sir John the Græme, «the hardy, wight, and wise,» is well known as the friend of Sir William Wallace. Alderne, Kilsyth, and Tibbermuir, were scenes of the victories of the heroic Marquis of Montrose. The pass of Killy-crankie is famous for the action between King William's forces and the Highlanders in 1689,

«Where glad Dundee in faint huzzas expired.»

It is seldom that one line can number so many heroes, and yet more rare when it can appeal to the glory of a living descendant in support of its ancient renown.

The allusions to the private history and character of General Grahame may be illustrated by referring to the eloquent and affecting speech of Mr Sheridan, upon the vote of thanks to the victor of Barosa.

END OF THE NOTES ON DON RODERICK.

THE
FIELD OF WATERLOO;
A POEM.

*Though Valois braved young Edward's gentle hand,
And Albert rush'd on Henry's way-worn band,
With Europe's chosen sons in arms renown'd,
Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,
Nor Audley's squires nor Mowbray's yeomen brook'd,—
They saw their standard fall, and left their monarch bound.*

AKENSIDE.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST
IN WHICH ARE CONTAINED
THE MOST IMPORTANT AND INTERESTING
PARTS OF HIS REIGN
FROM THE BEGINNING OF HIS REIGN
UNTIL HIS DEATH

BY JOHN RICHARDSON
OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON: PRINTED BY J. STURGEON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD, 1725.

THE FIRST VOLUME

THE SECOND VOLUME

THE THIRD VOLUME

THE FOURTH VOLUME

THE FIFTH VOLUME

THE SIXTH VOLUME

THE SEVENTH VOLUME

THE EIGHTH VOLUME

THE NINTH VOLUME

THE TENTH VOLUME

TO
HER GRACE
THE
DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON,
PRINCESS OF WATERLOO,
Etc. Etc. Etc.

THE FOLLOWING VERSES

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

TO

MRS GRACE

THE

DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON

PRINCESS OF WATERLOO

MRS GRACE

THE FOLLOWING

AND MOST RESPECTFULLY REQUESTED

BY

THE AUTHOR

THE
FIELD OF WATERLOO.

I.

FAIR Brussels, thou art far behind,
Though, lingering on the morning wind,
We yet may hear the hour
Peal'd over orchard and canal,
With voice prolong'd and measured fall,
From proud Saint Michael's tower.
Thy wood, dark Soignies, holds us now,
Where the tall beeches' glossy bough
For many a league around,
With birch and darksome oak between,
Spreads deep and far a pathless screen,
Of tangled forest ground.
Stems planted close by stems defy
The adventurous foot—the curious eye
For access seeks in vain!
And the brown tapestry of leaves,
Strew'd on the blighted ground, receives
Nor sun, nor air, nor rain.

No opening glade dawns on our way,
No streamlet, glancing to the ray,
Our woodland path has cross'd ;
And the straight causeway which we tread
Prolongs a line of dull arcade,
Unvarying through the unvaried shade
Until in distance lost.

II.

A brighter, livelier scene succeeds ;
In groups the scattering wood recedes,
Hedge-rows, and huts, and sunny meads,
And corn-fields glance between ;
The peasant, at his labour blithe,
Plies the hook'd staff and shorten'd scythe :—
But when these ears were green,
Placed close within destruction's scope,
Full little was that rustic's hope
Their ripening to have seen !
And, lo, a hamlet and its fane :—
Let not the gazer with disdain
Their architecture view ;
For yonder rude ungraceful shrine,
And disproportion'd spire, are thine,
Immortal WATERLOO !

III.

Fear not the heat, though full and high
The sun has scorch'd the autumn sky,
And scarce a forest straggler now
To shade us spreads a greenwood bough,

These fields have seen a hotter day
Than e'er was fired by sunny ray.
Yet one mile on—yon shatter'd hedge
Crests the soft hill whose long smooth ridge
 Looks on the field below,
And sinks so gently on the dale,
That not the folds of Beauty's veil
 In easier curves can flow.
Brief space from thence, the ground again,
Ascending slowly from the plain,
 Forms an opposing screen,
Which, with its crest of upland ground,
Shuts the horizon all around.
 The soften'd vale between
Slopes smooth and fair for courser's tread;
Not the most timid maid need dread
To give her snow-white palfrey head
 On that wide stubble-ground.
Nor wood, nor tree, nor bush are there,
Her course to intercept or scare,
 Nor fosse nor fence are found;
Save where, from out her shatter'd bowers,
Rise Hugomont's dismantled towers.

IV.

Now, see'st thou aught in this lone scene
Can tell of that which late hath been?—
 A stranger might reply,
"The bare extent of stubble-plain
Seems lately lighten'd of its grain;
And yonder sable tracks remain
Marks of the peasant's ponderous wain,
 When harvest-home was nigh.

On these broad spots of trampled ground,
Perchance the rustics danced such round
 As Teniers loved to draw ;
And where the earth seems scorch'd by flame,
To dress the homely feast they came,
And toil'd the kerchief'd village dame
 Around her fire of straw."—

V.

So deem'st thou—so each mortal deems,
Of that which is from that which seems :
 But other harvest here
Than that which peasant's scythe demands,
Was gather'd in by sterner hands,
 With bayonet, blade, and spear.
No vulgar crop was theirs to reap,
No stinted harvest thin and cheap !
Heroes before each fatal sweep
 Fell thick as ripen'd grain ;
And ere the darkening of the day,
Piled high as autumn shocks, there lay
The ghastly harvest of the fray,
 The corpses of the slain.

VI.

Ay, look again—that line so black
And trampled, marks the bivouack,
Yon deep-graved ruts, the artillery's track,
 So often lost and won ;
And close beside, the harden'd mud
Still shews where, fetlock-deep in blood,
The fierce dragoon, through battle's flood,
 Dash'd the hot war-horse on.

These spots of excavation tell
The ravage of the bursting shell—
And feel'st thou not the tainted steam,
That reeks against the sultry beam,
 From yonder trenched mound?
The pestilential fumes declare
That Carnage has replenish'd there
 Her garner-house profound.

VII.

Far other harvest-home and feast,
Than claims the boor from scythe released,
 On these scorch'd fields were known!
Death hover'd o'er the maddening rout,
And, in the thrilling battle-shout,
Sent for the bloody banquet out
 A summons of his own.
Through rolling smoke the Demon's eye
Could well each destined guest espy,
Well could his ear in ecstasy
 Distinguish every tone
That fill'd the chorus of the fray—
From cannon-roar and trumpet-bray,
From charging squadrons' wild hurra,
From the wild clang that mark'd their way,—
 Down to the dying groan,
And the last sob of life's decay
 When breath was all but flown.

VIII.

Feast on, stern foe of mortal life,
Feast on!—but think not that a strife,
With such promiscuous carnage rife,

Protracted space may last;
The deadly tug of war at length
Must limits find in human strength,
And cease when these are pass'd.
Vain hope!—that morn's o'erclouded sun
Heard the wild shout of fight begun
Ere he attain'd his height,
And through the war-smoke volumed high
Still peals that unremitted cry,
Though now he stoops to night.
For ten long hours of doubt and dread,
Fresh succours from the extended head
Of either hill the contest fed;
Still down the slope they drew,
The charge of columns paused not,
Nor ceased the storm of shell and shot;
For all that war could do,
Of skill and force, was proved that day,
And turn'd not yet the doubtful fray
On bloody Waterloo.

IX.

Pale Brussels! then what thoughts were thine,
When ceaseless from the distant line
Continued thunders came!
Each burgher held his breath, to hear
These forerunners of havoc near,
Of rapine and of flame.
What ghastly sights were thine to meet,
When, rolling through thy stately street,
The wounded show'd their mangled plight
In token of the unfinish'd fight,

And from each anguish-laden wain
 The blood-drops laid thy dust like rain!
 How often in the distant drum
 Heard'st thou the fell Invader come,
 While Ruin, shouting to his band,
 Shook high her torch and gory brand!—
 Cheer thee, fair City! From yon stand,
 Impatient, still his outstretch'd hand
 Points to his prey in vain,
 While maddening in his eager mood,
 And all unwont to be withstood,
 He fires the fight again.

X.

“On! On!” was still his stern exclaim,
 “Confront the battery's jaws of flame!
 “Rush on the levell'd gun!
 “My steel-clad cuirassiers, advance!
 “Each Hulan forward with his lance,
 “My Guard—my chosen—charge for France,
 “France and Napoleon!”
 Loud answer'd their acclaiming shout,
 Greeting the mandate which sent out
 Their bravest and their best to dare
 The fate their Leader shunn'd to share.
 But HE, his country's sword and shield,
 Still in the battle-front reveal'd,
 Where danger fiercest swept the field,
 Came like a beam of light,
 In action prompt, in sentence brief—
 “Soldiers, stand firm!” exclaim'd the Chief,
 “England shall tell the fight!”

XI.

On came the whirlwind—like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest blast—
On came the whirlwind—steal-gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke.

The war was waked anew,
Three hundred cannon-mouths roar'd loud,
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,
Their showers of iron threw.

Beneath their fire, in full career,
Rush'd on the ponderous cuirassier,
The lancer couch'd his ruthless spear,
And hurrying as to havock near,

The Cohorts' eagles flew.
In one dark torrent broad and strong,
The advancing onset roll'd along,
Forth harbinger'd by fierce acclaim,
That from the shroud of smoke and flame,
Peal'd wildly the imperial name.

XII.

But on the British heart were lost
The terrors of the charging host;
For not an eye the storm that view'd
Changed its proud glance of fortitude,
Nor was one forward footstep staid,
As dropp'd the dying and the dead.
Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,
Fast they renew'd each serried square;
And on the wounded and the slain
Closed their diminish'd files again,

Till from their line scarce spears' lengths three,
Emerging from the smoke they see
Helmet and plume and panoply,—

Then waked their fire at once!
Each musketeer's revolving knell,
As fast, as regularly fell,
As when they practise to display
Their discipline on festal day.

Then down went helm and lance,
Down were the eagle banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corslets were pierced, and pennons rent;
And to augment the fray,
Wheel'd full against their staggering flanks,
The English horsemen's foaming ranks
Forced their resistless way.

Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of swords—the neigh of steeds—
As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade;
And while amid their close array
The well-served cannon rent their way,
And while amid their scatter'd band
Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
Recoil'd in common rout and fear,
Lancer and guard and cuirassier,
Horsemen and foot,—a mingled host,
Their leaders fall'n, their standards lost.

XIII.

Then, WELLINGTON! thy piercing eye
This crisis caught of destiny

The British host had stood
That morn 'gainst charge of sword and lance,
As their own ocean-rocks hold stance,
But when thy voice had said, "Advance!"

They were their ocean's flood.—
O Thou, whose inauspicious aim
Hath wrought thy host this hour of shame,
Think'st thou thy broken bands will bide
The terrors of yon rushing tide?
Or will thy Chosen brook to feel
The British shock of levell'd steel?

Or dost thou turn thine eye
Where coming squadrons gleam afar,
And fresher thunders wake the war,

And other standards fly?—
Think not that in yon columns, file
Thy conquering troops from distant Dyle—
Is Blucher yet unknown?

Or dwells not in thy memory still,
(Heard frequent in thine hour of ill)
What notes of hate and vengeance thrill

In Prussia's trumpet tone?—
What yet remains?—shall it be thine
To head the reliques of thy line

In one dread effort more?—
The Roman lore thy leisure loved,
And thou canst tell what fortune proved

That Chieftain, who, of yore,
Ambition's dizzy paths essay'd,
And with the gladiators' aid

For empire enterprized—
He stood the cast his rashness play'd,
Left not the victims he had made,

Dug his red grave with his own blade,
And on the field he lost was laid,
Abhorr'd—but not despised.

XIV.

But if revolves thy fainter thought
On safety—howsoever bought,
Then turn thy fearful rein and ride,
Though twice ten thousand men have died

On this eventful day,
To gild the military fame,
Which thou, for life, in traffic tame

Wilt barter thus away.
Shall future ages tell this tale
Of inconsistency faint and frail?
And art thou He of Lodi's bridge,
Marengo's field, and Wagram's ridge!

Or is thy soul like mountain-tide,
That, swell'd by winter storm and shower,
Rolls down in turbulence of power

A torrent fierce and wide;
'Reft of these aids, a rill obscure,
Shrinking unnoticed, mean, and poor,

Whose channel shows display'd
The wrecks of its impetuous course,
But not one symptom of the force

By which these wrecks were made!

XV.

Spur on thy way!—since now thine ear
Has brook'd thy veterans' wish to hear,

Who, as thy flight they eyed,
Exclaim'd,—while tears of anguish came,
Wrung forth by pride and rage and shame,—

“ Oh that he had but died ! ”

But yet, to sum this hour of ill,
Look, ere thou leavest the fatal hill,

Back on yon broken ranks—
Upon whose wild confusion gleams
The moon, as on the troubled streams

When rivers break their banks,
And, to the ruin'd peasant's eye,
Objects half seen roll swiftly by,

Down the dread current hurl'd—
So mingle banner, wain, and gun,
Where the tumultuous flight rolls on
Of warriors, who, when morn begun,
Defied a banded world.

XVI.

List—frequent to the hurrying rout,
The stern pursuers' vengeful shout
Tells, that upon their broken rear
Rages the Prussian's bloody spear.

So fell a shriek was none,
When Beresina's icy flood
Redden'd and thaw'd with flame and blood,
And, pressing on thy desperate way,
Raised oft and long their wild hurra,

The children of the Don.
Thine ear no yell of horror cleft
So ominous, when, all bereft
Of aid, the valiant Polack left—

Ay, left by thee—found soldier's grave
In Leipsic's corse-encumber'd wave.
Fate, in these various perils past,
Reserved thee still some future cast:—
On the dread die thou now hast thrown,
Hangs not a single field alone,
Nor one campaign—thy martial fame,
Thy empire, dynasty, and name,
 Have felt the final stroke;
And now, o'er thy devoted head
The last stern vial's wrath is shed,
 The last dread seal is broke.

XVII.

Since live thou wilt—refuse not now
Before these demagogues to bow,
Late objects of thy scorn and hate,
Who shall thy once imperial fate
Make wordy theme of vain debate.—
Or shall we say, thou stoop'st less low
In seeking refuge from the foe,
Against whose heart, in prosperous life,
Thine hand hath ever held the knife?—

 Such homage hath been paid
By Roman and by Grecian voice,
And there were honour in the choice,

 If it were freely made.
Then safely come—in one so low,—
So lost,—we cannot own a foe;
Though dear experience bid us end,
In thee we ne'er can hail a friend.—

Come howsoe'er—but do not hide
 Close in thy heart that germ of pride,
 Erewhile by gifted Bard espied,

That « yet imperial hope ; »
 Think not that for a fresh rebound,
 To raise ambition from the ground,

We yield thee means or scope.
 In safety come—but ne'er again
 Hold type of independent reign ;

No islet calls thee lord,
 We leave thee no confederate band,
 No symbol of thy lost command,
 To be a dagger in the hand

From which we wrench'd the sword.

XVIII.

Yet, e'en in yon sequester'd spot,
 May worthier conquest be thy lot

Than yet thy life has known ;
 Conquest, unbought by blood or harm,
 That needs not foreign aid nor arm,

A triumph all thine own.
 Such waits thee when thou shalt controul
 Those passions wild, that stubborn soul,

That marr'd thy prosperous scene :—
 Hear this—from no unmoved heart,
 Which sighs, comparing what THOU ART

With what thou MIGHT'ST HAVE BEEN !

XIX.

Thou, too, whose deeds of fame renew'd
 Bankrupt a nation's gratitude,

To thine own noble heart must owe
More than the meed she can bestow.
For not a people's just acclaim,
Not the full hail of Europe's fame,
Thy prince's smiles, thy state's decree,
The ducal rank, the garter'd knee,
Not these such pure delight afford
As that, when, hanging up thy sword,
Well may'st thou think, « This honest steel
Was ever drawn for public weal;
And, such was rightful Heaven's decree,
Ne'er sheathed unless with victory!»

XX.

Look forth, once more, with soften'd heart,
Ere from the field of fame we part;
Triumph and Sorrow border near,
And joy oft melts into a tear.
Alas! what links of love that morn
Has War's rude hand asunder torn!
For ne'er was field so sternly fought,
And ne'er was conquest dearer bought.
Here piled in common slaughter sleep
Those whom affection long shall weep;
Here rests the sire, that ne'er shall strain
His orphans to his heart again;
The son, whom, on his native shore,
The parent's voice shall bless no more;
The bridegroom, who has hardly press'd
His blushing consort to his breast;
The husband, whom through many a year
Long love and mutual faith endear.

Thou can'st not name one tender tie
But here dissolved its reliques lie!
O, when thou see'st some mourner's veil
Shroud her thin form and visage pale,
Or mark'st the matron's bursting tears
Stream when the stricken drum she hears;
Or see'st how manlier grief, suppress'd,
Is labouring in a father's breast,—
With no enquiry vain pursue
The cause, but think on Waterloo!

XXI.

Period of honour as of woes,
What bright careers 'twas thine to close!—
Mark'd on thy roll of blood what names
To Britain's memory, and to Fame's,
Laid there their last immortal claims!
Thou saw'st in seas of gore expire
Redoubted PICTON's soul of fire—
Saw'st in the mingled carnage lie
All that of PONSONBY could die—
DE LANCY change Love's bridal-wreath
For laurels from the hand of Death—
Saw'st gallant MILLER's failing eye
Still bent where Albion's banners fly,
And CAMERON, in the shock of steel,
Die like the offspring of Lochiel;
And generous GORDON, 'mid the strife,
Fall while he watch'd his leader's life.—
Ah! though her guardian angel's shield
Fenced Britain's hero through the field,

Fate not the less her power made known,
Through his friends' hearts to pierce his own!

XXII.

Forgive, brave Dead, the imperfect lay!
Who may your names, your number, say?
What high-strung harp, what lofty line,
To each the dear-earn'd praise assign,
From high-born chiefs of martial fame
To the poor soldier's lowlier name?
Lightly ye rose that dawning day,
From your cold couch of swamp and clay,
To fill, before the sun was low,
The bed that morning cannot know.—
Oft may the tear the green sod steep,
And sacred be the heroes' sleep,
 Till time shall cease to run;
And ne'er beside their noble grave
May Briton pass, and fail to crave
A blessing on the fallen brave,
 Who fought with Wellington.

XXIII.

Farewell, sad Field! whose blighted face
Wears desolation's withering trace;
Long shall my memory retain
Thy shatter'd huts and trampled grain,
With every mark of martial wrong,
That scathe thy towers, fair Hougomont!
Yet though thy garden's green arcade
The marksman's fatal post was made,

Though on thy shatter'd beeches fell
The blended rage of shot and shell,
Though from thy blacken'd portals torn
Their fall thy blighted fruit-trees mourn,
Has not such havock bought a name
Immortal in the rolls of fame?
Yes—Agincourt may be forgot,
And Cressy be an unknown spot,
 And Blenheim's name be new;
But still in story and in song,
For many an age remember'd long,
Shall live the Towers of Hougomont,
 And Field of Waterloo.

CONCLUSION.

STERN tide of human Time! that know'st not rest,
But, sweeping from the cradle to the tomb,
Bear'st ever downward on thy dusky breast
Successive generations to their doom;
While thy capacious stream has equal room
For the gay bark where Pleasure's streamers sport,
And for the prison-ship of guilt and gloom,
The fisher-skiff, and barge that bears a court,
Still wafting onward all to one dark silent port.

Stern tide of Time! through what mysterious change
Of hope and fear have our frail barks been driven!
For ne'er, before, vicissitude so strange
Was to one race of Adam's offspring given.
And sure such varied change of sea and heaven,
Such unexpected bursts of joy and woe,
Such fearful strife as that where we have striven,
Succeeding ages ne'er again shall know,
Until the awful term when Thou shalt cease to flow.

Well hast thou stood, my Country!—the brave fight
Hast well maintain'd through good report and ill;
In thy just cause and in thy native might,
And in Heaven's grace and justice constant still.
Whether the banded prowess, strength and skill
Of half the world against thee stood array'd,
Or when, with better views and freer will,
Beside thee Europe's noblest drew the blade,
Each emulous in arms the Ocean Queen to aid.

Well thou art now repaid—though slowly rose,
And struggled long with mists thy blaze of fame,
While like the dawn that in the orient glows
On the broad wave its earlier lustre came;
Then eastern Egypt saw the growing flame,
And Maida's myrtles gleam'd beneath its ray,
Where first the soldier, stung with generous shame,
Rivall'd the heroes of the wat'ry way,
And wash'd in foemen's gore unjust reproach away.

Now, Island Empress, wave thy crest on high,
And bid the banner of thy Patron flow,
Gallant Saint George, the flower of Chivalry!
For thou hast faced, like him, a dragon foe,
And rescued innocence from overthrow,
And trampled down, like him, tyrannic might,
And to the gazing world may'st proudly show
The chosen emblem of thy sainted Knight,
Who quell'd devouring pride, and vindicated right.

Yet 'mid the confidence of just renown,
Renown dear-bought, but dearest thus acquired,
Write, Britain, write the moral lesson down;—
'Tis not alone the heart with valour fired,
The discipline so dreaded and admired,
In many a field of bloody conquest known;
—Such may by fame be lured—by gold be hired—
'Tis constancy in the good cause alone,
Best justifies the meed thy valiant sons have won.

For mid the confidence of just nation
This is a day of hope, but heart is not
Write, Britain, write the moral lesson
It is not alone the heart with calm
The discipline is divided and refined
In many a field of blood and sorrow
—Such may be found in the land—
Tis holiness in the good and true
But justice the heart the nation have won

For mid the confidence of just nation
This is a day of hope, but heart is not
Write, Britain, write the moral lesson
It is not alone the heart with calm
The discipline is divided and refined
In many a field of blood and sorrow
—Such may be found in the land—
Tis holiness in the good and true
But justice the heart the nation have won

For mid the confidence of just nation
This is a day of hope, but heart is not
Write, Britain, write the moral lesson
It is not alone the heart with calm
The discipline is divided and refined
In many a field of blood and sorrow
—Such may be found in the land—
Tis holiness in the good and true
But justice the heart the nation have won

NOTES.

NOTES

NOTES ON WATERLOO.

Note I.

The peasant, at his labour blithe,

Plies the hook'd staff and shorten'd scythe.—P. 188.

The reaper in Flanders carries in his left hand a stick with an iron hook, with which he collects as much grain as he can cut at one sweep with a short scythe, which he holds in his right hand. They carry on this double process with great spirit and dexterity.

Note II.

Pale Brussels! then what thoughts were thine.—P. 192.

It was affirmed by the prisoners of war, that Buonaparte had promised his army, in case of victory, twenty-four hours' plunder of the city of Brussels.

Note III.

« Confront the battery's jaws of flame!

« Rush on the levell'd gun!»—P. 193.

The characteristic obstinacy of Napoleon was never more fully displayed than in what we may be permitted to hope will prove the last of his fields. He would listen to no advice, and allow of no obstacles. An eye-witness has given the following account of his demeanour towards the end of the action :—

« It was near seven o'clock ; Buonaparte, who, till then, had remained upon the ridge of the hill whence he could best behold

what passed, contemplated, with a stern countenance, the scene of this horrible slaughter. The more that obstacles seemed to multiply, the more his obstinacy seemed to increase. He became indignant at these unforeseen difficulties; and, far from fearing to push to extremities an army whose confidence in him was boundless, he ceased not to pour down fresh troops, and to give orders to march forward—to charge with the bayonet—to carry by storm. He was repeatedly informed, from different points, that the day went against him, and that the troops seemed to be disordered; to which he only replied,—‘*En avant! en avant!*’

“ One general sent to inform the Emperor that he was in a position which he could not maintain, because it was commanded by a battery, and requested to know, at the same time, in what way he should protect his division from the murderous fire of the English artillery. ‘Let him storm the battery,’ replied Buonaparte, and turned his back on the aid-de-camp who brought the message.”—*Relation de la bataille de Mont Saint-Jean. Par un témoin Occulaire.* Paris, 1815, 8vo. p. 51.

Note IV.

The fate their Leader shunn'd to share.—P. 193.

It has been reported that Buonaparte charged at the head of his guards at the last period of this dreadful conflict. This, however, is not accurate. He came down, indeed, to a hollow part of the high road leading to Charleroi, within less than a quarter of a mile of the farm of La Haye Sainte, one of the points most fiercely disputed. Here he harangued the guards, and informed them that his preceding operations had destroyed the British infantry and cavalry, and that they had only to support the fire of the artillery, which they were to attack with the bayonet.—This exhortation was received with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*, which were heard over all our line, and led to an idea that Napoleon was charging in person. But the guards were led on by Ney; nor did Buonaparte approach nearer the scene of action than the spot already mentioned, which the rising banks on each side rendered secure from all such balls as did not come in a straight line. He witnessed the earlier part of the battle from

places yet more remote, particularly from an observatory which had been placed there by the king of the Netherlands, some weeks before, for the purpose of surveying the country. (1) It is not meant to infer from these particulars that Napoleon shewed, on that memorable occasion, the least deficiency in personal courage; on the contrary, he evinced the greatest composure and presence of mind during the whole action. But it is no less true that report has erred in ascribing to him any desperate efforts of valour for recovery of the battle; and it is remarkable, that during the whole carnage, none of his suite were either killed or wounded, whereas scarcely one of the Duke of Wellington's personal attendants escaped unhurt.

Note V.

« England shall tell the fight! »—P. 193.

In riding up to a regiment which was hard pressed, the Duke called to the men, « Soldiers, we must never be beat,—what will they say in England? » It is needless to say how this appeal was answered.

Note VI.

*As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade.*—P. 195.

A private soldier of the 95th regiment compared the sound which took place immediately upon the British cavalry mingling with those of the enemy, to « *a thousand tinkers at work mending pots and kettles.* »

Note VII.

*Or will thy Chosen brook to feel
The British shock of levell'd steel.*—P. 196.

No persuasion or authority could prevail upon the French troops to stand the shock of the bayonet. The imperial guards,

(1) The mistakes concerning this observatory have been mutual. The English supposed it was erected for the use of Buonaparte; and a French writer affirms it was constructed by the Duke of Wellington.

in particular, hardly stood till the British were within thirty yards of them, although the French author, already quoted, has put into their mouths the magnanimous sentiment, "The guards never yield—they die." The same author has covered the plateau, or eminence, of St Jean, which formed the British position, with redoubts and entrenchments which never had an existence. As the narrative, which is in many respects curious, was written by an eye-witness, he was probably deceived by the appearance of a road and ditch which runs along part of the hill. It may be also mentioned, in criticising this work, that the writer states the Chateau of Hougomont to have been carried by the French, although it was resolutely and successfully defended during the whole action. The enemy, indeed, possessed themselves of the wood by which it is surrounded, and at length set fire to the house itself; but the British (a detachment of the Guards, under the command of Colonel Macdonnell, and afterwards of Colonel Home,) made good the garden, and thus preserved, by their desperate resistance, the post which covered the return of the Duke of Wellington's right flank.

END OF THE NOTES ON WATERLOO.

FRAGMENTS,

WHICH ORIGINALLY APPEARED

IN

THE EDINBURGH ANNUAL REGISTER,

For 1809.

FRAGMENTS.

THE POACHER.

WELCOME, grave Stranger, to our green retreats,
Where health with exercise and freedom meets!
Thrice welcome, Sage, whose philosophic plan
By Nature's limits metes the rights of man;
Generous as he, who now for freedom bawls,
Now gives full value for true Indian shawls;
O'er court, o'er custom-house, his shoe who flings,
Now bilks excisemen, and now bullies kings.
Like his, I ween, thy comprehensive mind
Holds laws as mouse-traps baited for mankind;
Thine eye, applausive, each sly vermin sees,
That baulks the snare, yet battens on the cheese;
Thine ear has heard, with scorn instead of awe,
Our buckskin'd justices expound the law,
Wire-draw the acts that fix for wires the pain,
And for the netted partridge noose the swain;
And thy vindictive arm would fain have broke
The last light fetter of the feudal yoke,

To give the denizens of wood and wild,
Nature's free race, to each her free-born child.
Hence hast thou mark'd, with grief, fair London's race
Mock'd with the boon of one poor Easter chase,
And long'd to send them forth as free as when
Pour'd o'er Chantilly the Parisian train,
When musquet, pistol, blunderbuss, combined,
And scarce the field-pieces were left behind!
A squadron's charge each leveret's heart dismay'd,
On every covey fired a bold brigade:
La Douce Humanité approv'd the sport,
For great the alarm indeed, yet small the hurt;
Shouts patriotic solemnized the day,
And Seine re-echo'd *Vive la Liberté!*
But mad *Citoyen*, meek *Monsieur* again,
With some few added links resumes his chain;
Then since such scenes to France no more are known,
Come, view with me a hero of thine own!
One, whose free actions vindicate the cause
Of sylvan liberty o'er feudal laws.

Seek we yon glades, where the proud oak o'ertops
Wide-waving seas of birch and hazel copse,
Leaving between deserted isles of land,
Where stunted heath is patch'd with ruddy sand;
And lonely on the waste the yew is seen,
Or straggling hollies spread a brighter green.
Here, little worn, and winding dark and steep,
Our scarce-mark'd path descends yon dingle deep:
Follow—but heedful, cautious of a trip,—
In earthly mire philosophy may slip.

Step slow and wary o'er that swampy stream,
Till, guided by the charcoal's smothering steam,
We reach the frail yet barricaded door
Of hovel form'd for poorest of the poor;
No hearth the fire, no vent the smoke receives,
The walls are wattles, and the covering leaves;
For, if such hut, our forest statutes say,
Rise in the progress of one night and day,
(Though placed where still the Conqueror's hests
 o'erawe,
And his son's stirrup shines the badge of law,)
The builder claims the unenviable boon,
To tenant dwelling, framed as slight and soon
As wigwam wild, that shrouds the native frore
On the bleak coast of frost-barr'd Labrador. (1)

Approach, and through the unlatticed window
 peep—

Nay, shrink not back, the inmate is asleep;
Sunk mid yon sordid blankets, till the sun
Stoop to the west the plunderer's toils are done.
Loaded and primed, and prompt from desperate hand,
Rifle and fowling-piece beside him stand,
While round the hut are in disorder laid
The tools and booty of his lawless trade;

(1) Such is the law in the New Forest, Hampshire, tending greatly to increase the various settlements of thieves, smugglers, and deer-stealers, who infest it. In the forest courts the presiding judge wears as a badge of office an antique stirrup, said to have been that of William Rufus. See Mr William Rose's spirited poem, entitled "The Red King."

For force or fraud, resistance or escape,
The crow, the saw, the bludgeon, and the crape.
His pilfer'd powder in yon nook he hoards,
And the filch'd lead the church's roof affords—
(Hence shall the rector's congregation fret,
That while his sermon's dry, his walls are wet.)
The fish-spear barb'd, the sweeping net are there,
Doe hides, and pheasant plumes, and skins of hare,
Cordage for toils, and wiring for the snare.
Barter'd for game from chase or warren won,
Yon cask holds moonlight, (1) run when moon was
none:

And late-snatch'd spoils lie stow'd in hutch apart,
To wait the associate higgler's evening cart.

Look on his pallet foul, and mark his rest:
What scenes perturb'd are acting in his breast!
His sable brow is wet and wrung with pain,
And his dilated nostril toils in vain,
For short and scant the breath each effort draws,
And 'twixt each effort Nature claims a pause.
Beyond the loose and sable neck-cloth stretch'd,
His sinewy throat seems by convulsion twitch'd,
While the tongue falters, as to utterance loth,
Sounds of dire-import—watch-word, threat and oath.
Though, stupified by toil and drugg'd with gin,
The body sleep, the restless guest within
Now plies on wood and wold his lawless trade,
Now in the fangs of justice wakes dismay'd.—

(1) A cant name for smuggled spirits.

“ Was that wild start of terror and despair,
Those bursting eye-balls, and that wilder'd air,
Signs of compunction for a murder'd hare?
Do the locks bristle and the eye-brows arch,
For grouse or partridge massacred in March?”

No, scoffer, no! Attend, and mark with awe,
There is no wicket in the gate of law!
He, that would e'er so lightly set ajar
That awful portal, must undo each bar;
Tempting occasion, habit, passion, pride,
Will join to storm the breach, and force the barrier
wide.

That ruffian, whom true men avoid and dread,
Whom bruisers, poachers, smugglers, call black Ned,
Was Edward Mansell once;—the lightest heart,
That ever play'd on holiday his part!
The leader he in every Christmas game,
The harvest feast grew blither when he came,
And liveliest on the chords the bow did glance,
When Edward named the tune and led the dance.
Kind was his heart, his passions quick and strong,
Hearty his laugh, and jovial was his song;
And if he loved a gun, his father swore,
“ 'Twas but a trick of youth would soon be o'er,
Himself had done the same some thirty years before.”

But he, whose humours spurn law's awful yoke,
Must herd with those by whom law's bonds are broke.
The common dread of justice soon allies
The clown, who robs the warren or excise,

With sterner felons train'd to act more dread,
E'en with the wretch by whom his fellow bled.
Then, as in plagues the foul contagions pass,
Leavening and festering the corrupted mass,—
Guilt leagues with guilt, while mutual motives draw,
Their hope impunity, their fear the law;
Their foes, their friends, their rendezvous the same,
Till the revenue baulk'd, or pilfer'd game,
Flesh the young culprit, and example leads
To darker villainy, and direr deeds.

Wild howl'd the wind the forest glades along,
And oft the owl renew'd her dismal song;
Around the spot where erst he felt the wound,
Red William's spectre walk'd his midnight round.
When o'er the swamp he cast his blighting look,
From the green marshes of the stagnant brook
The bittern's sullen shout the sedges shook;
The wading moon, with storm-presaging gleam,
Now gave and now withheld her doubtful beam;
The old Oak stoop'd his arms, then flung them high,
Bellowing and groaning to the troubled sky—
'Twas then, that, couch'd amid the brushwood sere,
In Malwood-walk young Mansel watch'd the deer:
The fattest buck received his deadly shot—
The watchful keeper heard, and sought the spot.
Stout were their hearts, and stubborn was their strife,
O'erpower'd at length the Outlaw drew his knife!
Next morn a corpse was found upon the fell—
The rest his waking agony may tell!

SONG.

Oh, say not, my love, with that mortified air,
 That your spring-time of pleasure is flown,
 Nor bid me to maids that are younger repair,
 For those raptures that still are thine own.

Though April his temples may wreathe with the vine,
 Its tendrils in infancy curl'd,
 'Tis the ardour of August matures us the wine
 Whose life-blood enlivens the world.

Though thy form, that was fashion'd as light as a fay's,
 Has assumed a proportion more round,
 And thy glance, that was bright as a falcon's at gaze,
 Looks soberly now on the ground,—

Enough, after absence to meet me again,
 Thy steps still with ecstasy move;
 Enough, that those dear sober glances retain
 For me the kind language of love!

SONG

O, say not my love with that wounded air
 That your spring-time of pleasure is there
 Nor bid me to pause where you never repair
 For those repentances that still are thine own

 Though April his temples may wreath with the vine
 Its tendrils in infancy curl'd
 'Tis the ardour of August matures us the wine
 Whose blood colours the world

 Though thy love, that was fashion'd as light as a ray
 Has assumed a proportion more round
 And thy glance, that was bright as a falcon's at gaze
 Looks soberly now on the ground

 Enough, else absent to meet me again
 The steps still with every move
 Enough, that those dearer glances remain
 For me the kind language of love

WILLIAM AND MELBA

THE NEW CLASSICAL

BALLADS

FROM THE GERMAN.

BALLS

FROM THE GERMAN

WILLIAM AND HELEN.

Imitated from the "LENORE" of BURGER.

THE Author had resolved to omit the following version of a well-known Poem, in any collection which he might make of his poetical trifles. But the publishers having pleaded for its admission, the author has consented, though not unaware of the disadvantage at which this youthful essay (for it was written in 1795) must appear with those which have been executed by much more able hands, in particular that of Mr Taylor of Norwich, and that of Mr Spencer.

The following Translation was written long before the author saw any other, and originated in the following circumstances. A lady of high rank in the literary world read this romantic tale, as translated by Mr Taylor, in the house of the celebrated Professor Dugald Stuart of Edinburgh. The author was not present, nor indeed in Edinburgh at the time; but a gentleman who had the pleasure of hearing the ballad, afterwards told him the story, and repeated the remarkable chorus—

« Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
« Splash! splash! along the sea;
« Hurrah! hurrah! The dead can ride!
« Dost fear to ride with me?»

In attempting a translation then intended only to circulate among friends, the present author did not hesitate to make use of this impressive stanza; for which freedom he has since obtained the forgiveness of the ingenious gentleman to whom it properly belongs.

WILLIAM AND HELEN.

I.

FROM heavy dreams fair Helen rose
And ey'd the dawning red:
"Alas, my love, thou tarriest long!
O art thou false or dead?"

II.

With gallant Fred'rick's princely power
He sought the bold crusade;
But not a word from Judah's wars
Told Helen how he sped.

III.

With Paynim and with Saracen
At length a truce was made,
And ev'ry knight return'd to dry
The tears his love had shed.

IV.

Our gallant host was homeward bound
With many a song of joy;
Green wav'd the laurel in each plume,
The badge of victory.

V.

And old and young, and sire and son,
To meet them crowd the way,
With shouts, and mirth, and melody,
The debt of love to pay.

VI.

Full many a maid her true love met,
And sobb'd in his embrace,
And flutt'ring joy in tears and smiles,
Array'd full many a face.

VII.

Nor joy nor smile for Helen sad;
She sought the host in vain;
For none could tell her William's fate,
If faithless, or if slain.

VIII.

The martial band is past and gone;
She rends her raven hair,
And in distraction's bitter mood
She weeps with wild despair.

IX.

“O rise, my child,” her mother said,
“Nor sorrow thus in vain;
A perjur'd lover's fleeting heart
No tears recal again.”

X.

“ O mother, what is gone, is gone,
What's lost for ever lorn :
Death, death alone can comfort me ;
O had I ne'er been born !

XI.

“ O break, my heart, O break at once !
Drink my life-blood, Despair !
No joy remains on earth for me,
For me in heaven no share.”

XII.

“ O enter not in judgment, Lord !”
The pious mother prays ;
“ Impute not guilt to thy frail child !
She knows not what she says.

XIII.

“ O say thy pater noster, child !
O turn to God and grace !
His will, that turn'd thy bliss to bale,
Can change thy bale to bliss.”

XIV.

“ O mother, mother, what is bliss ?
O mother, what is bale ?
My William's love was heaven on earth,
Without it earth is hell.

XV.

“ Why should I pray to ruthless Heav’n,
Since my loved William’s slain?
I only pray’d for William’s sake,
And all my prayers were vain.”

XVI.

“ O take the sacrament, my child,
And check these tears that flow;
By resignation’s humble prayer,
O hallow’d be thy woe!”

XVII.

“ No sacrament can quench this fire,
Or slake this scorching pain;
No sacrament can bid the dead
Arise and live again.

XVIII.

“ O break, my heart, O break at once!
Be thou my god, Despair!
Heaven’s heaviest blow has fall’n on me,
And vain each fruitless pray’r.”

XIX.

“ O enter not in judgment, Lord,
With thy frail child of clay!
She knows not what her tongue has spoke;
Impute it not, I pray!

XX.

“ Forbear, my child, this desp’rate woe,
And turn to God and grace;
Well can devotion’s heavenly glow
Convert thy bale to bliss.”

XXI.

“ O mother, mother, what is bliss?
O mother, what is bale?
Without my William what were heaven,
Or with him what were hell?”

XXII.

Wild she arraigns the eternal doom,
Upbraids each sacred power,
Till spent, she sought her silent room,
All in the lonely tower.

XXIII.

She beat her breast, she wrung her hands,
Till sun and day were o’er,
And through the glimm’ring lattice shone
The twinkling of the star.

XXIV.

Then crash! the heavy draw-bridge fell
That o’er the moat was hung;
And clatter! clatter! on its boards
The hoof of courser rung.

XXV.

The clank of echoing steel was heard
As off the rider bounded ;
And slowly on the winding stair
A heavy footstep sounded.

XXVI.

And hark ! and hark ! a knock—Tap ! tap !
A rustling stifled noise ;—
Door-latch and tinkling staples ring ;—
At length a whisp'ring voice.

XXVII.

“Awake, awake, arise, my love !
How, Helen, dost thou fare ?
Wak'st thou, or sleep'st ? laugh'st thou, or weep'st ?
Hast thought on me, my fair ?”

XXVIII.

“My love ! my love !—so late by night !—
I waked, I wept for thee :
Much have I borne since dawn of morn ;
Where, William, could'st thou be ?”

XXIX.

“We saddle late—From Hungary
I rode since darkness fell ;
And to its bourne we both return
Before the matin bell.”

XXX.

“ O rest this night within my arms,
And warm thee in their fold !
Chill howls through hawthorn bush the wind ;—
My love is deadly cold.”

XXXI.

“ Let the wind howl through hawthorn bush !
This night we must away ;
The steed is wight, the spur is bright ;
I cannot stay till day.

XXXII.

“ Busk, busk, and boune ! Thou mount'st behind
Upon my black barb steed :
O'er stock and stile, a hundred miles,
We haste to bridal bed.”

XXXIII.

“ To-night—to-night a hundred miles !—
O dearest William, stay !
The bell strikes twelve—dark, dismal hour !
O wait, my love, till day !”

XXXIV.

“ Look here, look here—the moon shines clear—
Full fast I ween we ride ;
Mount and away ! for ere the day
We reach our bridal bed.

XXXV.

“The black barb snorts, the bridle rings;
Haste, busk, and boune, and seat thee!
The feast is made, the chamber spread,
The bridal guests await thee.”

XXXVI.

Strong love prevail'd: She busks, she bounes,
She mounts the barb behind,
And round her darling William's waist
Her lily arms she twined.

XXXVII.

And hurry! hurry! off they rode,
As fast as fast might be;
Spurn'd from the courser's thundering heels
The flashing pebbles flee.

XXXVIII.

And on the right, and on the left,
Ere they could snatch a view,
Fast, fast each mountain, mead and plain,
And cot and castle flew.

XXXIX.

“Sit fast—dost fear?—The moon shines clear—
Fleet goes my barb—keep hold!
Fear'st thou?”—“O no!” she faintly said;
But why so stern and cold?

XL.

“ What yonder rings ! what yonder sings ?
Why shrieks the owlet gray ? ”
“ ’Tis death-bells clang, ’tis funeral song,
The body to the clay.

XLI.

“ With song and clang, at morrow’s dawn,
Ye may inter the dead :
To-night I ride, with my young bride,
To deck our bridal bed.

XLII.

“ Come with thy choir, thou coffin’d guest,
To swell our nuptial song !
Come, priest, to bless our marriage feast !
Come all, come all along ! ”

XLIII.

Ceased clang and song ; down sunk the bier ;
The shrouded corpse arose :
And hurry ! hurry ! all the train
The thund’ring steed pursues.

XLIV.

And forward ! forward ! on they go ;
High snorts the straining steed ;
Thick pants the rider’s labouring breath,
As headlong on they speed.

XLV.

“ O William, why this savage haste?
And where thy bridal bed?”
“ ’Tis distant far, low, damp, and chill,
And narrow, trustless maid.”

XLVI.

“ No room for me?”—“ Enough for both;—
Speed, speed, my barb, thy course!”
O’er thund’ring bridge, through boiling surge,
He drove the furious horse.

XLVII.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is wight, the spur is bright,
The flashing pebbles flee.

XLVIII.

Fled past on right and left how fast
Each forest, grove, and bower;
On right and left fled past how fast
Each city, town, and tower.

XLIX.

“ Dost fear? dost fear? The moon shines clear,
Dost fear to ride with me?—
Hurrah! hurrah! The dead can ride!”
“ O William, let them be!—

L.

“ See there, see there ! What yonder swings
And creaks ’mid whistling rain ? ”
Gibbet and steel, th’ accursed wheel ;
A murd’rer in his chain. —

LI.

“ Hollo ! thou felon, follow here :
To bridal bed we ride ;
And thou shalt prance a fetter dance
Before me and my bride. ”

LII.

And hurry ! hurry ! clash, clash, clash !
The wasted form descends ;
And fleet as wind through hazel bush
The wild career attends.

LIII.

Tramp ! tramp ! along the land they rode,
Splash ! splash ! along the sea ;
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
The flashing pebbles flee.

LIV.

How fled what moonshine faintly show’d !
How fled what darkness hid !
How fled the earth beneath their feet,
The heaven above their head !

LV.

“Dost fear? dost fear? The moon shines clear,
And well the dead can ride;
Does faithful Helen fear for them?”
“O leave in peace the dead!”

LVI.

“Barb! Barb! methinks I hear the cock;
The sand will soon be run:
Barb! Barb! I smell the morning air;
The race is well nigh done.”

LVII.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
The flashing pebbles flee.

LVIII.

“Hurrah! hurrah! well ride the dead;
The bride, the bride is come!
And soon we reach the bridal bed,
For, Helen, here's my home.”

LIX.

Reluctant on its rusty hinge
Revolved an iron door,
And by the pale moon's setting beam
Were seen a church and tow'r.

LX.

With many a shriek and cry whiz round
The birds of midnight, scar'd ;
And rustling like autumnal leaves
Unhallow'd ghosts were heard.

LXI.

O'er many a tomb and tomb-stone pale
He spurr'd the fiery horse,
Till sudden at an open grave
He check'd the wond'rous course.

LXII.

The falling gauntlet quits the rein,
Down drops the casque of steel,
The cuirass leaves his shrinking side,
The spur his gory heel.

LXIII.

The eyes desert the naked skull,
The mould'ring flesh the bone,
Till Helen's lily arms entwine
A ghastly skeleton.

LXIV.

The furious bark snorts fire and foam,
And, with a fearful bound,
Dissolves at once in empty air,
And leaves her on the ground.

LXV.

Half seen by fits, by fits half heard,
Pale spectres fleet along,
Wheel round the maid in dismal dance,
And howl the funeral song;

LXVI.

« E'en when the heart's with anguish cleft,
Revere the doom of Heaven.
Her soul is from her body reft;
Her spirit be forgiven ! »

THE
BATTLE OF SEMPACH.

THESE verses are a literal translation of an ancient Swiss ballad upon the battle of Sempach, fought 9th July 1386, being the victory by which the Swiss cantons established their independence. The author, Albert Tchudi, denominated the Souter, from his profession of a shoemaker. He was a citizen of Lucerne, esteemed highly among his countrymen, both for his powers as a *Meister-singer* or minstrel, and his courage as a soldier; so that he might share the praise conferred by Collins on Eschylus, that—

—— Not alone he nursed the poet's flame,
But reached from Virtue's hand the patriot steel.

The circumstance of their being written by a poet returning from the well-fought field he describes, and in which his country's fortune was secured, may confer on Tchudi's verses an interest which they are not entitled to claim from their poetical merit. But ballad poetry, the more literally it is translated, the more it loses its simplicity, without acquiring either

grace or strength; and therefore some of the faults of the verses must be imputed to the translator's feeling it a duty to keep as closely as possible to his original. The various puns, rude attempts at pleasantry, and disproportioned episodes, must be set down to Tschudi's account, or to the taste of his age.

The military antiquary will derive some amusement from the minute particulars which the martial poet has recorded. The mode in which the Austrian men-at-arms received the charge of the Swiss, was by forming a phalanx, which they defended with their long lances. The gallant Winkelried, who sacrificed his own life by rushing among the spears, clasping in his arms as many as he could grasp, and thus opening a gap in these iron battalions, is celebrated in Swiss history. When fairly mingled together, the unwieldy length of their weapons, and cumbrous weight of their defensive armour, rendered the Austrian men-at-arms a very unequal match for the light-armed mountaineers. The victories obtained by the Swiss over the German chivalry, hitherto deemed as formidable on foot as on horseback, led to important changes in the art of war. The poet describes the Austrian knights and squires as cutting the peaks from their boots ere they could act upon foot, in allusion to an inconvenient piece of foppery, often mentioned in the middle ages. Leopold III. Archduke of Austria, called "The handsome man-at-arms," was slain in the battle of Sempach, with the flower of his chivalry.

THE
BATTLE OF SEMPACH.

'T WAS when among our linden trees
The bees had housed in swarms,
(And grey-hair'd peasants say that these
Betoken foreign arms,)

Then look'd we down to Willisow,
The land was all in flame;
We knew the Archduke Leopold
With all his army came.

The Austrian nobles made their vow,
So hot their heart and bold,
"On Switzer carles we'll trample now,
And slay both young and old."

With clarion loud, and banner proud,
From Zurich on the lake,
In martial pomp and fair array,
Their onward march they make.

“ Now list, ye lowland nobles all,
Ye seek the mountain strand,
Nor wot ye what shall be your lot
In such a dangerous land.

“ I rede ye, shrive you of your sins,
Before you further go ;
A skirmish in Helvetian hills
May send your souls to woe.”

“ But where now shall we find a priest
Our shrift that he may hear?”—
“ The Switzer priest (1) has ta'en the field,
He deals a penance drear.

“ Right heavily upon your head
He'll lay his hand of steel ;
And with his trusty partizan
Your absolution deal.”

’Twas on a Monday morning then,
The corn was steep'd in dew,
And merry maids had sickles ta'en,
When the host to Sempach drew.

The stalwart men of fair Lucerne
Together have they join'd ;
The pith and core of manhood stern,
Was none cast looks behind.

(1) All the Swiss clergy who were able to bear arms fought in this patriotic war.

It was the Lord of Hare-castle,
And to the Duke he said,
« Yon little band of brethren true
Will meet us undismay'd.»

« O Hare-castle, (1) thou heart of hare !»
Fierce Oxenstern replied.
« Shalt see then how the game will fare,»
The taunting knight replied.

There was lacing then of helmets bright,
And closing ranks amain ;
The peaks they hew'd from their boot-points
Might well nigh load a wain. (2)

And thus, they to each other said,
« Yon handful down to hew
Will be no boastful tale to tell,
The peasants are so few.»

The gallant Swiss confederates there,
They pray'd to God aloud,
And he display'd his rainbow fair
Against a swarthy cloud.

(1) In the original, *Haassenstein*, or *Hare-stone*.

(2) This seems to allude to the preposterous fashion, during the middle ages, of wearing boots with the points or peaks turned upwards, and so long, that, in some cases they were fastened to the knees of the wearer with small chains. When they alighted to fight upon foot, it would seem that the Austrian gentlemen found it necessary to cut off these peaks, that they might move with the necessary activity.

Then heart and pulse throb'd more and more
With courage firm and high,
And down the good confed'rates bore
On the Austrian chivalry.

The Austrian Lion (1) 'gan to growl,
And toss his mane and tail;
And ball, and shaft, and cross-bow bolt
Went whistling forth like hail.

Lance, pike, and halberd, mingled there,
The game was nothing sweet;
The boughs of many a stately tree
Lay shiver'd at their feet.

The Austrian men-at-arms stood fast,
So close their spears they laid;
It chafed the gallant Winkelried,
Who to his comrades said—

“ I have a virtuous wife at home,
A wife and infant son;
I leave them to my country's care,—
This field shall soon be won.

“ These nobles lay their spears right thick,
And keep full firm array,
Yet shall my charge their order break,
And make my brethren way.”

(1) A pun on the Archduke's name, Leopold.

He rushed against the Austrian band,
In desperate career,
And with his body, breast, and hand,
Bore down each hostile spear.

Four lances splinter'd on his crest,
Six shiver'd in his side;
Still on the serried files he press'd—
He broke their ranks, and died.

This patriot's self-devoted deed,
First tamed the lion's mood,
And the four forest cantons freed
From thralldom by his blood.

Right where his charge had made a lane,
His valiant comrades burst,
With sword, and axe, and partizan,
And hack, and stab, and thrust.

The daunted lion 'gan to whine,
And granted ground amain,
The mountain bull, (1) he bent his brows,
And gored his sides again.

Then lost was banner, spear, and shield,
At Sempach in the flight,
The cloister vaults at Konig'sfield
Hold many an Austrian knight.

(1) A pun on the URUS, or wild bull, which gives name to the canton of Uri.

It was the Archduke Leopold,
So lordly would he ride,
But he came against the Switzer churls,
And they slew him in his pride.

The heifer said unto the bull,
“And shall I not complain?
There came a foreign nobleman
To milk me on the plain.

“One thrust of thine outrageous horn
Has gall’d the knight so sore,
That to the churchyard he is borne,
To range our glens no more.”—

An Austrian noble left the stour,
And fast the flight ’gan take;
And he arrived in luckless hour
At Sempach on the lake.

He and his squire a fisher call’d,
(His name was Hans Von Rot)
“For love, or meed, or charity,
Receive us in thy boat.”

Their anxious call the fisher heard,
And, glad the meed to win,
His shallop to the shore he steer’d,
And took the flyers in.

And while against the tide and wind
Hans stoutly row'd his way,
The noble to his follower sign'd
He should the boatman slay.

The fisher's back was to them turn'd,
The squire his dagger drew,
Hans saw his shadow in the lake,
The boat he overthrew.

He 'whelm'd the boat, and as they strove,
He stunn'd them with his oar,
"Now, drink ye deep, my gentle sirs,
You'll ne'er stab boatman more.

"Two gilded fishes in the lake
This morning have I caught,
Their silver scales may much avail,
Their carrion flesh is naught."

It was a messenger of woe
Has sought the Austrian land;
"Ah! gracious lady, evil news!
My lord lies on the strand.

"At Sempach, on the battle-field,
His bloody corpse lies there:"
"Ah, gracious God!" the lady cried,
"What tidings of despair!"

Now would you know the minstrel wight,
Who sings of strife so stern,
Albert the Souter is he hight,
A burgher of Lucerne.

A merry man was he, I wot,
The night he made the lay,
Returning from the bloody spot,
Where God had judged the day.

THE
NOBLE MORINGER,
AN ANCIENT BALLAD,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

THE original of these verses occurs in a collection of German popular songs, entitled *Sammlung Deutschen Volkslieder*, Berlin 1807, published by Messrs Busching and Von der Hagen, both, and more especially the last, distinguished for their acquaintance with the ancient popular poetry and legendary history of Germany.

In the German Editor's notice of the ballad, it is stated to have been extracted from a manuscript Chronicle of Nicolaus Thomann, chaplain to Saint Leonard in Weisenhorn, which bears the date 1533; and the song is stated by the author to have been generally sung in the neighbourhood at that early period. Thomann, as quoted by the German Editor, seems faithfully to have believed the event he narrates. He quotes tomb-stones and obituaries to prove the existence of the personages of the ballad,

and discovers that there actually died on the 11th May 1349, a Lady Von Neuffen, Countess of Mars-tetten, who was by birth of the house of Moringer. This lady he supposes to have been Moringer's daughter mentioned in the ballad. He quotes the same authority for the death of Berckhold Von Neuffen in the same year. The editors, on the whole, seem to embrace the opinion of Professor Smith of Ulm, who, from the language of the ballad, ascribes its date to the fifteenth century.

The legend itself turns on an incident not peculiar to Germany, and which perhaps was not unlikely to happen in more instances than one, when crusaders abode long in the Holy Land, and their disconsolate dames received no tidings of their fate. A story very similar in circumstances, but without the miraculous machinery of Saint Thomas, is told of one of the ancient Lords of Haigh-hall in Lancashire, the patrimonial inheritance of the late Countess of Balcarras; and the particulars are represented on stained glass upon a window in that ancient manor house.

THE
NOBLE MORINGER.

I.

O, will you hear a knightly tale of old Bohemian day,
It was the noble Moringer in wedlock bed he lay,
He halsed and kiss'd his dearest dame, that was as sweet
as May,
And said, « Now, Lady of my heart, attend the words I say.

II.

« 'Tis I have vow'd a pilgrimage unto a distant shrine,
And I must seek Saint Thomas-land, and leave the land
that's mine;
Here shalt thou dwell the while in state, so thou wilt pledge
thy fay,
That thou for my return will wait seven twelvemonths and
a day.»

III.

Then out and spoke that Lady bright, sore troubled in her
cheer,
« Now tell me true, thou noble knight, what order takest
thou there;
And who shall lead thy vassal band, and hold thy lordly
sway,
And be thy lady's guardian true when thou art far away? »

IV.

Out spoke the noble Moringer, « Of that have thou no care,
There's many a valiant gentleman of me holds living fair,
The trustiest shall rule my land, my vassals and my state,
And be a guardian tried and true to thee, my lovely mate.

V.

« As Christian-man, I needs must keep the vow which I
have plight,
When I am far in foreign land, remember thy true knight;
And cease, my dearest dame, to grieve, for vain were sor-
row now,
But grant thy Moringer his leave, since God hath heard
his vow.»

VI.

It was the noble Moringer from bed he made him bowne,
And met him there his Chamberlain, with ewer and with
gown:
He flung the mantle on his back, 'twas furr'd with miniver,
He dipp'd his hand in water cold, and bathed his forehead
fair.

VII.

« Now hear,» he said, « Sir Chamberlain, true vassal art
thou mine,
And such the trust that I repose in that proved worth of
thine,
For seven years shalt thou rule my towers, and lead my
vassal train,
And pledge thee for my Lady's faith till I return again.»

VIII.

The Chamberlain was blunt and true, and sturdily said he,
Abide, my lord, and rule your own, and take this rede
from me;

That woman's faith's a brittle trust—Seven twelvemonths
didst thou say?
I'll pledge me for no lady's truth beyond the seventh fair
day.”

IX.

The noble Baron turn'd him round, his heart was full of care,
His gallant Esquire stood him nigh, he was Marstetten's heir,
To whom he spoke right anxiously, “Thou trusty squire
to me,
Wilt thou receive this weighty trust when I am o'er the sea?

X.

“To watch and ward my castle strong, and to protect my
land,
And to the hunting or the host to lead my vassal band;
And pledge thee for my Lady's faith, till seven long years
are gone,
And guard her as Our Lady dear was guarded by Saint John.”

XI.

Marstetten's heir was kind and true, but fiery, hot, and
young,
And readily he answer made with too presumptuous tongue;
“My noble lord, cast care away, and on your journey wend,
And trust this charge to me until your pilgrimage have end.

XII.

“Rely upon my plighted faith, which shall be truly tried,
To guard your lands, and ward your towers, and with
your vassals ride;
And for your lovely Lady's faith, so virtuous and so dear,
I'll gage my head it knows no change, be absent thirty year.”

XIII.

The noble Moringer took cheer when thus he heard him
 speak,
And doubt forsook his troubled brow, and sorrow left his
 cheek;
A long adieu he bids to all—hoists top-sails, and away,
And wanders in Saint Thomas-land seven twelvemonths
 and a day.

XIV.

It was the noble Moringer within an orchard slept,
When on the Baron's slumbering sense a boding vision
 crept;
And whisper'd in his ear a voice, " 'Tis time, Sir Knight, to
 wake,
Thy Lady and thine heritage another master take.

XV.

"Thy tower another banner knows, thy steeds another rein,
And stoop them to another's will thy gallant vassal train;
And she, the Lady of thy love, so faithful once and fair,
This night within thy father's hall she weds Marstetten's
 heir."

XVI.

It is the noble Moringer starts up and tears his beard,
"Oh would that I had ne'er been born! what tidings have
 I heard!
To lose my lordship and my lands the less would be my care,
But, God! that ere a squire untrue should wed my Lady fair!

XVII.

"O good Saint Thomas, hear," he pray'd, "my patron Saint
 art thou,
A traitor robs me of my land even while I pay my vow!

My wife he brings to infamy that was so pure of name,
And I am far in foreign land, and must endure the shame."

XVIII.

It was the good Saint Thomas, then, who heard his pilgrim's prayer,
And sent a sleep so deep and dead that it o'erpower'd his care;

He waked in fair Bohemian land outstretch'd beside a rill,
High on the right a castle stood, low on the left a mill.

XIX.

The Moringer he started up as one from spell unbound,
And dizzy with surprise and joy gazed wildly all around;
"I know my father's ancient towers, the mill, the stream
I know,
Now blessed be my patron Saint who cheer'd his pilgrim's woe!"

XX.

He leant upon his pilgrim staff, and to the mill he drew,
So alter'd was his goodly form that none their master knew;
The Baron to the miller said, "Good friend, for charity,
Tell a poor palmer in your land what tidings may there be?"

XXI.

The miller answer'd him again, "He knew of little news,
Save that the Lady of the land did a new bridegroom chuse;
Her husband died in distant land, such is the constant word,
His death sits heavy on our souls, he was a worthy Lord.

XXII.

"Of him I held the little mill which wins me living free,
God rest the Baron in his grave, he still was kind to me;

And when Saint Martin's tide comes round, and millers take
their toll,
The priest that prays for Moringer shall have both cope
and stole."

XXIII.

It was the noble Moringer to climb the hill began,
And stood before the bolted gate a woe and weary man ;
« Now help me, every saint in heaven that can compassion
take,
To gain the entrance of my hall this woeful match to break."

XXIV.

His very knock it sounded sad, his call was sad and slow,
For heart and head, and voice and hand, were heavy all
with woe ;
And to the warder thus he spoke : « Friend, to thy Lady say,
A pilgrim from Saint Thomas-land craves harbour for a day.

XXV.

« I've wander'd many a weary step, my strength is well nigh
done,
And if she turn me from her gate I'll see no morrow's sun ;
I pray, for sweet Saint Thomas' sake, a pilgrim's bed and
dole,
And for the sake of Moringer's, her once loved husband's
soul."

XXVI.

It was the stalwart warder then he came his dame before,
« A pilgrim worn and travel-toil'd stands at the castle door ;
And prays for sweet Saint Thomas' sake for harbour and for
dole,
And for the sake of Moringer, thy noble husband's soul.

XXVII.

The Lady's gentle heart was moved, "Do up the gate," she
said,
"And bid the wanderer welcome be to banquet and to bed;
And since he names my husband's name, so that he lists to
stay,
These towers shall be his harbourage a twelvemonth and
a day."

XXVIII.

It was the stalwart warder then undid the portal broad,
It was the noble Moringer that o'er the threshold strode;
"And have thou thanks, kind heaven," he said, "though
from a man of sin,
That the true lord stands here once more his castle gate
within."

XXIX.

Then up the hall paced Moringer, his step was sad and slow,
It sat full heavy on his heart, none seem'd their Lord to
know;
He sat him on a lowly bench, oppress'd with woe and wrong,
Short space he sat, but ne'er to him seem'd little space so
long.

XXX.

Now spent was day, and feasting o'er, and come was even-
ing hour,
The time was nigh when new-made brides retire to nuptial
bower;
"Our castle's wont," a brides-man said, "hath been both
firm and long,
No guest to harbour in our halls till he shall chaunt a
song."

XXXI.

Then spoke the youthful bridegroom there as he sat by the
bride,
"My merry minstrel folks," quoth he, "lay shalm and harp
aside;
Our pilgrim guest must sing a lay, the castle's rule to hold,
And well his guerdon will I pay with garment and with
gold."

XXXII.

"Chill flows the lay of frozen age," 'twas thus the pilgrim
sung,
"Nor golden meed, nor garment gay, unlocks her heavy
tongue;
Once did I sit, thou bridegroom gay, at board as rich as thine,
And by my side as fair a bride with all her charms was mine."

XXXIII.

"But time traced furrows on my face, and I grew silver-
hair'd,
For locks of brown, and cheeks of youth, she left this brow
and beard;
Once rich, but now a palmer poor, I tread life's latest stage,
And mingle with your bridal mirth the lay of frozen age."

XXXIV.

It was the noble Lady there this woeful lay that hears,
And for the aged pilgrim's grief her eye was dimm'd with
tears;
She bade her gallant cup-bearer a golden beaker take,
And bear it to the palmer poor to quaff it for her sake.

XXXV.

It was the noble Moringer that dropp'd amid the wine
A bridal ring of burning gold so costly and so fine:

Now listen, gentles, to my song, it tells you but the sooth,
'Twas with that very ring of gold he pledged his bridal
truth.

XXXVI.

Then to the cup-bearer he said, "Do me one kindly deed,
And should my better days return, full rich shall be thy
meed ;

Bear back the golden cup again to yonder bride so gay,
And crave her of her courtesy to pledge the palmer gray."

XXXVII.

The cup-bearer was courtly bred, nor was the boon denied,
The golden cup he took again, and bore it to the bride ;
"Lady," he said, "your reverend guest sends this, and bids
me pray,

That, in thy noble courtesy, thou pledge the palmer gray."

XXXVIII.

The ring hath caught the Lady's eye, she views it close and
near,

Then might you hear her shriek aloud, "The Moringer is
here !"

Then might you see her start from seat, while tears in
torrents fell,

But whether 'twas for joy or woe the ladies best can tell.

XXXIX.

But loud she utter'd thanks to heaven, and every saintly
power,

That had return'd the Moringer before the midnight hour ;
And loud she utter'd vow on vow, that never was there
bride

That had like her preserved her troth, or been so sorely
tried.

XL.

“ Yes, here I claim the praise,” she said, to constant ma-
trons due,
Who keep the troth that they have plight so stedfastly and
true ;
For count the term howe’er you will, so that you count
aright,
Seven twelvemonths and a day are out when bells toll
twelve to-night.”

XLI.

It was Marstetten then rose up, his falchion there he drew,
He kneel’d before the Moringer, and down his weapon
threw ;
“ My oath and knightly faith are broke,” these were the
words he said,
“ Then take, my liege, thy vassal’s sword, and take thy
vassal’s head.”

XLII.

The noble Moringer he smiled, and then aloud did say,
“ He gathers wisdom that hath roam’d seven twelvemonths
and a day.
My daughter now hath fifteen years, fame speaks her
sweet and fair,
I give her for the bride you lose, and name her for my heir.

XLIII.

“ The young bridegroom hath youthful bride, the old
bridegroom the old,
Whose faith was kept till term and tide so punctually were
told ;
But blessings on the warder kind that oped my castle gate,
For had I come at morrow tide, I came a day too late.”

MISCELLANIES.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE PALMER.

“ O OPEN the door, some pity to shew,
Keen blows the northern wind ;
The glen is white with the drifted snow,
And the path is hard to find.

“ No Outlaw seeks your castle gate,
From chasing the king's deer,
Though even an Outlaw's wretched state
Might claim compassion here.

“ A weary Palmer, worn and weak,
I wander for my sin ;
O open for Our Lady's sake,
A pilgrim's blessing win !

“ I'll give you pardons from the pope,
And reliques from o'er the sea,—
Or if for these you will not ope,
Yet open for charity.

“ The hare is crouching in her form,
The hart beside the hind ;
An aged man, amid the storm,
No shelter can I find.

“ You hear the Ettrick’s sullen roar,
Dark, deep, and strong is he,
And I must ford the Ettrick o’er,
Unless you pity me.

“ The iron gate is bolted hard,
At which I knock in vain ;
The owner’s heart is closer barr’d,
Who hears me thus complain.

“ Farewell, farewell ! and Mary grant,
When old and frail you be,
You never may the shelter want,
That’s now denied to me.”

The Ranger on his couch lay warm,
And heard him plead in vain ;
But oft, amid December’s storm,
He’ll hear that voice again :

For lo, when through the vapours dank,
Morn shone on Ettrick fair,
A corpse amid the alders rank,
The Palmer welter’d there.

THE
MAID OF NEIDPATH.

THERE is a tradition in Tweeddale, that when Neidpath Castle, near Peebles, was inhabited by the Earls of March, a mutual passion subsisted between a daughter of that noble family, and a son of the laird of Tushielaw, in Ettrick Forest. As the alliance was thought unsuitable by her parents, the young man went abroad. During his absence, the lady fell into a consumption; and at length, as the only means of saving her life, her father consented that her lover should be recalled. On the day when he was expected to pass through Peebles, on the road to Tushielaw, the young lady, though much exhausted, caused herself to be carried to the balcony of a house in Peebles, belonging to the family, that she might see him as he rode past. Her anxiety and eagerness gave such force to her organs, that she is said to have distinguished his horse's footsteps at an incredible distance. But Tushielaw, unprepared for the change in her appearance, and not expecting to see her in that

place, rode on without recognizing her, or even slackening his pace. The lady was unable to support the shock, and, after a short struggle, died in the arms of her attendants. There is an instance similar to this traditional tale in Count Hamilton's "Fleur d'Épine."

THE
MAID OF NEIDPATH.

O LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower,
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
You saw the taper shining.
By fits, a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear,
Seem'd in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear,
She heard her lover's riding;
Ere scarce a distant form was kenn'd,
She knew, and waved to greet him;
And o'er the battlement did bend,
As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he pass'd—an heedless gaze,
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing—
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could hardly catch the feeble moan,
Which told her heart was broken.

WANDERING WILLIE.

ALL joy was bereft me the day that you left me,
 And climb'd the tall vessel to sail yon wide sea;
 O weary betide it! I wander'd beside it,
 And bann'd it for parting my Willie and me.

Far o'er the wave hast thou follow'd thy fortune,
 Oft fought the squadrons of France and of Spain;
 Ae kiss of welcome's worth twenty at parting,
 Now I hae gotten my Willie again.

When the sky it was mirk, and the winds they were
 wailing,
 I sat on the beach wi' the tear in my e'e,
 And thought o' the bark where my Willie was sailing,
 And wish'd that the tempest could a' blaw on me.

Now that thy gallant ship rides at her mooring,
 Now that my wanderer's in safety at hame,
 Music to me were the wildest winds roaring,
 That e'er o'er Inch-Keith drove the dark ocean faem.

When the lights they did blaze, and the guns they did
rattle,

And blythe was each heart for the great victory,
In secret I wept for the dangers of battle,
And thy glory itself was scarce comfort to me.

But now shalt thou tell, while I eagerly listen,
Of each bold adventure, and every brave scar,
And, trust me, I'll smile, though my een they may
glisten;
For sweet after danger's the tale of the war.

And oh, how we doubt when there's distance 'tween
lovers,

When there's naething to speak to the heart thro'
the e'e;

How often the kindest, and warmest prove rovers,
And the love of the faithfulest ebbs like the sea.

Till, at times—could I help it?—I pined and I pon-
der'd,

If love could change notes like the bird on the
tree—

Now I'll ne'er ask if thine eyes may hae wander'd,
Enough, thy leal heart has been constant to me.

Welcome, from sweeping o'er sea and through chan-
nel,

Hardships and danger despising for fame,
Furnishing story for glory's bright annal,
Welcome, my wanderer, to Jeanie and hame!

Enough now thy story in annals of glory
Has humbled the pride of France, Holland, and
Spain ;
No more shalt thou grieve me, no more shalt thou
leave me,
I never will part with my Willie again.

HUNTING SONG.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
 On the mountain dawns the day,
 All the jolly chase is here,
 With hawk, and horse, and hunting spear;
 Hounds are in their couples yelling,
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
 Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 The mist has left the mountain gray,
 Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
 Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:
 And foresters have busy been,
 To track the buck in thicket green;
 Now we come to chaunt our lay,
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 To the green-wood haste away;
 We can shew you where he lies,
 Fleet of foot, and tall of size;

We can shew the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
You shall see him brought to bay,
" Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chaunt the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,
Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk;
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

THE VIOLET.

THE violet in her green-wood bower,
 Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
 May boast itself the fairest flower
 In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
 Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining,
 I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
 More sweet through wat'ry lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,
 Ere yet the day be past its morrow;
 Nor longer in my false love's eye,
 Remain'd the tear of parting sorrow.

TO A LADY,

WITH FLOWERS FROM A ROMAN WALL.

TAKE these flowers, which, purple waving,
On the ruin'd rampart grew,
Where, the sons of freedom braving,
Rome's imperial standards flew.

Warriors from the breach of danger
Pluck no longer laurels there :
They but yield the passing stranger
Wild-flower wreaths for Beauty's hair.

THE
THE BARD'S INCANTATION.

WRITTEN UNDER THE THREAT OF INVASION, IN THE
AUTUMN OF 1804.

THE Forest of Glenmore is drear,
It is all of black pine, and the dark oak-tree;
And the midnight wind, to the mountain deer,
Is whistling the forest lullaby:
The moon looks through the drifting storm,
But the troubled lake reflects not her form,
For the waves roll whitening to the land,
And dash against the shelvy strand.

There is a voice among the trees
That mingles with the groaning oak—
That mingles with the stormy breeze,
And the lake-waves dashing against the rock;—
There is a voice within the wood,
The voice of the Bard in fitful mood;
His song was louder than the blast,
As the Bard of Glenmore through the forest past.

“ Wake ye from your sleep of death,
“ Minstrels and Bards of other days!
“ For the midnight wind is on the heath,
“ And the midnight meteors dimly blaze!
“ The Spectre with his Bloody Hand, (1)
“ Is wandering through the wild woodland;
“ The owl and the raven are mute for dread,
“ And the time is meet to awake the dead!

“ Souls of the mighty, wake and say,
“ To what high strain your harps were strung,
“ When Lochlin plough’d her billowy way,
“ And on your shores her Norsemen flung?
“ Her Norsemen train’d to spoil and blood,
“ Skill’d to prepare the raven’s food,
“ All, by your harpings doom’d to die
“ On bloody Largs and Loncarty. (2)

“ Mute are ye all? No murmurs strange
“ Upon the midnight breeze sail by;
“ Nor through the pines with whistling change,
“ Mimic the harp’s wild harmony!
“ Mute are ye now?—Ye ne’er were mute,
“ When Murder with his bloody foot,
“ And Rapine with his iron hand,
“ Were hovering near yon mountain strand.

(1) The forest of Glenmore is haunted by a spirit called Lham-dearg, or Red-hand.

(2) Where the Norwegian invader of Scotland received two bloody defeats.

“ O yet awake the strain to tell,
“ By every deed in song enroll’d,
“ By every chief who fought or fell,
“ For Albion’s weal in battle bold ;—
“ From Coilgach, (1) first who roll’d his car,
“ Through the deep ranks of Roman war,
“ To him, of veteran memory dear,
“ Who victor died on Aboukir.

“ By all their swords, by all their scars,
“ By all their names, a mighty spell !
“ By all their wounds, by all their wars,
“ Arise, the mighty strain to tell !
“ For fiercer than fierce Hengist’s strain,
“ More impious than the heathen Dane,
“ More grasping than all-grasping Rome,
“ Gaul’s ravening legions hither come !”—

The wind is hush’d, and still the lake—
Strange murmurs fill my tingling ears,
Bristles my hair, my sinews quake,
At the dread voice of other years—
“ When targets clash’d, and bugles rung,
“ And blades round warriors’ heads were flung,
“ The foremost of the band were we,
“ And hymn’d the joys of Liberty !”

(1) The Galgacus of Tacitus.

THE RESOLVE.

IN IMITATION OF AN OLD ENGLISH POEM.—1809.

My wayward fate I needs must plain,
 Though bootless be the theme;
 I loved, and was beloved again,
 Yet all was but a dream:
 For, as her love was quickly got,
 So it was quickly gone;
 No more I'll bask in flame so hot,
 But coldly dwell alone.

Not maid more bright than maid was e'er
 My fancy shall beguile,
 By flattering word, or feigned tear,
 By gesture, look, or smile:
 No more I'll call the shaft fair shot,
 Till it has fairly flown,
 Nor scorch me at a flame so hot;
 I'll rather freeze alone.

Each ambush'd Cupid I'll defy,
 In cheek, or chin, or brow,
 And deem the glance of woman's eye
 As weak as woman's vow:

I'll lightly hold the lady's heart,
That is but lightly won;
I'll steel my breast to beauty's art,
And learn to live alone.

The flaunting torch soon blazes out,
The diamond's ray abides,
The flame its glory hurls about,
The gem its lustre hides;
Such gem I fondly deem'd was mine,
And glow'd a diamond stone,
But, since each eye may see it shine,
I'll darkling dwell alone.

No waking dream shall tinge my thought
With dyes so bright and vain,
No silken net, so slightly wrought,
Shall tangle me again:
No more I'll pay so dear for wit,
I'll live upon mine own;
Nor shall wild passion trouble it,—
I'll rather dwell alone.

And thus I'll hush my heart to rest,—
“Thy loving labour's lost;
Thou shalt no more be wildly blest,
To be so strangely crost:
The widow'd turtles mateless die,
The phoenix is but one;
They seek no loves—no more will I—
I'll rather dwell alone.”

EPITAPH.

DESIGNED FOR A MONUMENT IN LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL,

At the Burial Place of the Family of Miss Seward.

AMID these aisles, where once his precepts show'd
 The heavenward path-way which in life he trod,
 This simple tablet marks a Father's bier,
 And those he loved in life, in death are near;
 For him, for them, a Daughter bade it rise,
 Memorial of domestic charities.

Still would'st thou know why o'er the marbles spread,
 In female grace the willow droops her head;
 Why on her branches, silent and unstrung,
 The minstrel harp is emblematic hung;
 What Poet's voice is smother'd here in dust,
 Till waked to join the chorus of the just,—
 Lo! one brief line an answer sad supplies,
 Honour'd, beloved, and mourn'd, here SEWARD lies!
 Her worth, her warmth of heart, let friendship say,—
 Go seek her genius in her living lay.

THE
RETURN TO ULSTER.

ONCE again, but how changed since my wand'rings
began—

I have heard the deep voice of the Lagan and Bann,
And the pines of Clanbrassil resound to the roar,
That wearies the echoes of fair Tullamore.

Alas! my poor bosom, and why should'st thou burn;
With the scenes of my youth can its raptures return!
Can I live the dear life of delusion again,
That flow'd when these echoes first mix'd with my
strain?

It was then that around me, though poor and un-
known,

High spells of mysterious enchantment were thrown:
The streams were of silver, of diamond the dew,
The land was an Eden, for fancy was new.

I had heard of our bards, and my soul was on fire
At the rush of their verse and the sweep of their lyre:
To me 'twas not legend, nor tale to the ear,
But a vision of noontide, distinguish'd and clear.

Ultonia's old heroes awoke at the call,
And renew'd the wild pomp of the chase and the hall;
And the standard of Fion flash'd fierce from on high,
Like a burst of the sun when the tempest is nigh. (1)
It seem'd that the harp of green Erin once more
Could renew all the glories she boasted of yore.—
Yet why at remembrance, fond heart, should'st thou
burn?

They were days of delusion, and cannot return.

But was she, too, a phantom, the Maid who stood by,
And listed my lay, while she turn'd from mine eye?
Was she, too, a vision, just glancing to view,
Then dispersed in the sun-beam or melted to dew?
Oh! would it had been so! O would that her eye
Had been but a star-glance that shot through the sky,
And her voice that was moulded to melody's thrill,
Had been but a zephyr that sigh'd and was still!

Oh! would it had been so! Not then this poor heart
Had learn'd the sad lesson, to love and to part;
To bear, unassisted, its burthen of care,
While I toil'd for the wealth I had no one to share.
Not then had I said, when life's summer was done,
And the hours of her autumn were fast speeding on,
"Take the fame and the riches ye brought in your
train,
And restore me the dream of my spring-tide again!"

(1) In ancient Irish poetry, the standard of Fion, or Fingal, is called the *Sun-burst*, an epithet feebly rendered by the *Sun-beam* of Macpherson.

ON THE
MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

“ O TELL me, Harper, wherefore flow
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe
Far down the desert of Glencoe,
Where none may list their melody?
Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,
Or to the dun deer glancing by,
Or to the eagle that from high
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?”

“ No, not to these, for they have rest,—
The mist-wreath has the mountain-crest,
The stag his lair, the erne her nest,
Abode of lone security.
But those for whom I pour the lay,
Not wild-wood deep, nor mountain grey,
Not this deep dell that shrouds from day,
Could screen from treach'rous cruelty.

« Their flag was furl'd, and mute their drum,
The very household dogs were dumb,
Unwont to bay at guests that come
 In guise of hospitality.

His blithest notes the piper plied,
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,
The dame her distaff flung aside,
 To tend her kindly housewifery.

« The hand that mingled in the meal,
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And gave the host's kind breast to feel
 Meed for his hospitality!
The friendly hearth which warm'd that hand,
At midnight arm'd it with the brand,
That bade destruction's flames expand
 Their red and fearful blazonry.

« Then woman's shriek was heard in vain,
Nor infancy's unpitied plain,
More than the warrior's groan, could gain
 Respite from ruthless butchery!
The winter wind that whistled shrill,
The snows that night that cloked the hill,
Though wild and pitiless, had still
 Far more than southron clemency.

« Long have my harp's best notes been gone,
Few are its strings, and faint their tone,
They can but sound in desert lone

Their grey-hair'd master's misery.
Were each grey hair a minstrel string,
Each chord should imprecations fling,
Till startled Scotland loud should ring,
‘Revenge for blood and treachery!’”

PROLOGUE

TO MISS BAILLIE'S PLAY OF THE FAMILY
LEGEND.

'Tis sweet to hear expiring Summer's sigh,
Through forests tinged with russet, wail and die;
'Tis sweet and sad the latest notes to hear
Of distant music, dying on the ear;
But far more sadly sweet, on foreign strand,
We list the legends of our native land,
Link'd as they come with every tender tie,
Memorials dear of youth and infancy.

Chief, thy wild tales, romantic Caledon,
Wake keen remembrance in each hardy son.
Whether on India's burning coasts he toil,
Or till Acadia's (1) winter-fetter'd soil,
He hears with throbbing heart and moisten'd eyes,
And as he hears, what dear illusions rise!
It opens on his soul his native dell,
The woods wild waving, and the water's swell;

(1) Acadia, or Nova Scotia.

Tradition's theme, the tower that threatens the plain,
The mossy cairn that hides the hero slain;
The cot beneath whose simple porch were told,
By grey-hair'd patriarch, the tales of old,
The infant group that hush'd their sports the while,
And the dear maid who listen'd with a smile.
The wanderer, while the vision warms his brain,
Is denizen of Scotland once again.

Are such keen feelings to the crowd confined,
And sleep they in the Poet's gifted mind?
Oh no! For she, within whose mighty page
Each tyrant Passion shows his woe and rage,
Has felt the wizard influence they inspire,
And to your own traditions tuned her lyre.
Yourselves shall judge—whoe'er has raised the sail
By Mull's dark coast, has heard this evening's tale.
The plaided boatman, resting on his oar,
Points to the fatal rock amid the roar
Of whitening waves, and tells whate'er to-night
Our humble stage shall offer to your sight;
Proudly preferr'd that first our efforts give
Scenes glowing from her pen to breathe and live;
More proudly yet, should Caledon approve
The filial token of a Daughter's love!

FAREWELL TO MACKENZIE, HIGH CHIEF OF KINTAIL.

FROM THE GAELIC.

The original verses are arranged to a beautiful Gaelic air, of which the chorus is adapted to the double pull upon the oars of a galley, and which is therefore distinct from the ordinary jorrams, or boat-songs. They were composed by the Family Bard upon the departure of the Earl of Seaforth, who was obliged to take refuge in Spain, after an unsuccessful effort at insurrection in favour of the Stuart family, in the year 1718.

FAREWELL to Mackenneth, great Earl of the North,
The Lord of Lochcarron, Glenshiel, and Seaforth;
To the Chieftain this morning his course who began,
Launching forth on the billows his bark like a swan.
For a far foreign land he has hoisted his sail,
Farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

O swift be the galley, and hardy her crew,
May her captain be skilful, her mariners true,
In danger undaunted, unwearied by toil,
Though the whirlwind should rise, and the ocean
should boil:

On the brave vessel's gunnel I drank his bonnail, (1)
And farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail.

Awake in thy chamber, thou sweet southland gale!
Like the sighs of his people, breathe soft on his sail;
Be prolong'd as regret that his vassals must know,
Be fair as their faith, and sincere as their woe:
Be so soft, and so fair, and so faithful, sweet gale,
Wafting onward Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

Be his pilot experienced, and trusty, and wise,
To measure the seas and to study the skies:
May he hoist all his canvass from streamer to deck,
But O! crowd it higher when wafting him back—
Till the cliffs of Skooroora, and Conan's glad vale,
Shall welcome Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

(1) Bonail', or Bonallez, the old Scottish phrase for a feast at parting with a friend.

IMITATION

OF THE PRECEDING SONG.

So sung the old Bard, in the grief of his heart,
 When he saw his loved Lord from his people depart.
 Now mute on thy mountains, O Albyn, are heard
 Nor the voice of the song, nor the harp of the bard;
 Or its strings are but waked by the stern winter gale,
 As they mourn for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail.

From the far Southland border a Minstrel came forth,
 And he waited the hour that some Bard of the north
 His hand on the harp of the ancient should cast,
 And bid its wild numbers mix high with the blast;
 But no Bard was there left in the land of the Gael,
 To lament for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail.

And shalt thou then sleep, did the Minstrel exclaim,
 Like the son of the lowly, unnoticed by fame?
 No, Son of Fitzgerald! in accents of woe,
 The song thou hast loved o'er thy coffin shall flow,
 And teach thy wild mountains to join in the wail,
 That laments for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail.

In vain, the bright course of thy talents to wrong,
Fate deaden'd thine ear and imprison'd thy tongue ;
For brighter o'er all her obstructions arose
The glow of the genius they could not oppose ;
And who in the land of the Saxon or Gael,
Might match with Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail ?

Thy sons rose around thee in light and in love,
All a father could hope, all a friend could approve ;
What 'vails it the tale of thy sorrows to tell,—
In the spring time of youth and of promise they fell !
Of the line of Fitzgerald remains not a male,
To bear the proud name of the Chief of Kintail.

And thou, gentle Dame, who must bear to thy grief,
For thy clan and thy country the cares of a Chief,
Whom brief rolling moons in six changes have left,
Of thy husband, and father, and brethren bereft,
To thine ear of affection how sad is the hail,
That salutes thee the Heir of the line of Kintail !



WAR-SONG OF LACHLAN, HIGH CHIEF OF MACLEAN.

FROM THE GAELIC.

This song appears to be imperfect, or at least, like many of the early Gaelic poems, makes a rapid transition from one subject to another; from the situation, namely, of one of the daughters of the clan, who opens the song by lamenting the absence of her lover, to an eulogium over the military glories of the Chieftain. The translator has endeavoured to imitate the abrupt style of the original.

A WEARY month has wander'd o'er
Since last we parted on the shore;
Heaven! that I saw thee, Love, once more,
Safe on that shore again!—
'Twas valiant Lachlan gave the word;
Lachlan, of many a galley lord:
He call'd his kindred bands on board,
And launch'd them on the main.

Clan-Gillian (1) is to ocean gone;
Clan-Gillian, fierce in foray known;
Rejoicing in the glory won

(1) *i. e.* The clan of Maclean, literally the race of Gillian.

In many a bloody broil :
For wide is heard the thundering fray,
The rout, the ruin, the dismay,
When from the twilight glens away
Clan-Gillian drives the spoil.

Woe to the hills that shall rebound
Our banner'd bag-pipes' maddening sound ;
Clan-Gillian's onset echoing round,
Shall shake their inmost cell.
Woe to the bark whose crew shall gaze,
Where Lachlan's silken streamer plays ;
The fools might face the lightning's blaze
As wisely and as well !

SAINT CLOUD.

SOFT spread the southern Summer night
Her veil of darksome blue ;
Ten thousand stars combined to light
The terrace of Saint Cloud.

The evening breezes gently sigh'd,
Like breath of lover true,
Bewailing the deserted pride
And wreck of sweet Saint Cloud.

The drum's deep roll was heard afar,
The bugle wildly blew
Good night to Hulan and Hussar,
That garrison Saint Cloud.

The startled Naiads from the shade
With broken arms withdrew,
And silenced was that proud cascade,
The glory of Saint Cloud.

We sate upon its steps of stone,
Nor could its silence rue,
When waked, to music of our own,
The echoes of Saint Cloud.

Slow Seine might hear each lovely note
Fall light as summer-dew,
While through the moonless air they float,
Prolong'd from fair Saint Cloud.

And sure a melody more sweet
His waters never knew,
Though music's self was wont to meet
With princes at Saint Cloud.

Nor then, with more delighted ear,
The circle round her drew,
Than ours, when gather'd round to hear
Our songstress at Saint Cloud.

Few happy hours poor mortals pass,—
Then give those hours their due,
And rank among the foremost class
Our evenings at Saint Cloud.

PARIS, *Sept. 5, 1815.*

THE
DANCE OF DEATH.

I.

NIGHT and morning were at meeting
 Over Waterloo;
 Cocks had sung their earliest greeting,
 Faint and low they crew,
 For no paly beam yet shone
 On the heights of Mount Saint John;
 Tempest-clouds prolong'd the sway
 Of timeless darkness over day;
 Whirlwind, thunder-clap, and shower,
 Mark'd it a predestined hour.
 Broad and frequent through the night
 Flash'd the sheets of levin-light;
 Musquets, glancing lightnings back,
 Shew'd the dreary bivouack
 Where the soldier lay,
 Chill and stiff, and drench'd with rain,
 Wishing dawn of morn again,
 Though death should come with day.

II.

'Tis at such a tide and hour,
Wizard, witch, and fiend have power,
And ghastly forms through mist and shower,
Gleam on the gifted ken;
And then the affrighted prophet's ear
Drinks whispers strange of fate and fear,
Presaging death and ruin near

Among the sons of men:—

Apart from Albyn's war-array,
'Twas then grey Allan sleepless lay;
Grey Allan, who, for many a day,
Had follow'd stout and stern,
Where through battle's rout and reel,
Storm of shot and hedge of steel,
Led the grandson of Lochiel,

Valiant Fassiefern.

Through steel and shot he leads no more,
Low-laid 'mid friends' and foemen's gore—
But long his native lake's wild shore,
And Sunart rough, and high Ardgower,
And Morvern long shall tell,
And proud Bennevis hear with awe,
How, upon bloody Quatre-Bras,
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurra
Of conquest as he fell.

III.

'Lone on the outskirts of the host,
The weary sentinel held post,
And heard, through darkness far aloof,
The frequent clang of courser's hoof,

Where held the cloak'd patrolle their course,
And spurr'd 'gainst storm the swerving horse;
But there are sounds in Allan's ear,
Patrole nor sentinel may hear,
And sights before his eye aghast
Invisible to them have pass'd,

When down the destined plain
'Twixt Britain and the bands of France,
Wild as marsh-borne meteors glance,
Strange phantoms wheel'd a revel dance,
And doom'd the future slain.—

Such forms were seen, such sounds were heard,
When Scotland's James his march prepared

For Flodden's fatal plain;
Such, when he drew his ruthless sword,
As Chusers of the Slain, adored

The yet unchristen'd Dane.
An indistinct and phantom band,
They wheel'd their ring-dance hand in hand,
With gesture wild and dread;

The Seer, who watch'd them ride the storm,
Saw through their faint and shadowy form

The lightning's flash more red;
And still their ghastly roundelay
Was of the coming battle-fray,
And of the destined dead.

IV.

SONG.

Wheel the wild dance,
While lightnings glance,

And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Our airy feet,
So light and fleet,
They do not bend the rye
That sinks its head when whirlwinds rave,
And swells again in eddy wave,
As each wild gust blows by;
But still the corn,
At dawn of morn,
Our fatal steps that bore,
At eve lies waste,
A trampled paste
Of blackening mud and gore.

V.

Wheel the wild dance,
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Wheel the wild dance!
Brave sons of France,
For you our ring makes room;
Makes space full wide
For martial pride,
For banner, spear, and plume.

Approach, draw near,
Proud cuirassier!

Room for the men of steel!
Through crest and plate,
The broad-sword's weight
Both head and heart shall feel.

VI.

Wheel the wild dance,
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Sons of the spear!
You feel us near
In many a ghastly dream;
With fancy's eye
Our forms you spy,
And hear our fatal scream.
With clearer sight
Ere falls the night,
Just when to weal or woe
Your disembodied souls take flight
On trembling wing—each startled sprite
Our choir of death shall know.

VII.

Wheel the wild dance,
While lightnings glance,

And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Burst, ye clouds, in tempest showers,
Redder rain shall soon be ours—
See the east grows wan—
Yield we place to sterner game,
Ere deadlier bolts and drearer flame
Shall the welkin's thunders shame;
Elemental rage is tame
To the wrath of man.

VIII.

At morn, grey Allan's mates with awe
Heard of the vision'd sights he saw,
The legend heard him say;
But the seer's gifted eye was dim,
Deafen'd his ear, and stark his limb,
Ere closed that bloody day—
He sleeps far from his Highland heath,—
But often of the Dance of Death
His comrades tell the tale
On picquet-post, when ebbs the night,
And waning watch-fires glow less bright,
And dawn is glimmering pale.

ROMANCE OF DUNOIS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

The original of this little Romance makes part of a manuscript collection of French Songs, probably compiled by some young officer, which was found on the Field of Waterloo, so much stained with clay and blood, as sufficiently to indicate what had been the fate of its late owner. The song is popular in France, and is rather a good specimen of the style of composition to which it belongs. The translation is strictly literal.

It was Dunois, the young and brave, was bound for Palestine,

But first he made his orisons before Saint Mary's shrine :
 "And grant, immortal Queen of Heaven," was still the
 Soldier's prayer,

"That I may prove the bravest knight, and love the fairest
 fair."

His oath of honour on the shrine he grav'd it with his sword,
 And follow'd to the Holy Land the banner of his Lord ;
 Where, faithful to his noble vow, his war-cry fill'd the air,
 "Be honour'd ay the bravest knight, beloved the fairest
 fair."

They owed the conquest to his arm, and then his liege-lord
said,

« The heart that has for honour beat, by bliss must be
repaid,—

My daughter Isabel and thou shall be a wedded pair,
For thou art bravest of the brave, she fairest of the fair. »

And then they bound the holy knot before Saint Mary's
shrine,

That makes a paradise on earth, if hearts and hands com-
bine ;

And every lord and lady bright, that were in chapel there,
Cried, « Honour'd be the bravest knight, beloved the fairest
fair ! »

THE TROUBADOUR.

GLOWING with love, on fire for fame,
 A Troubadour that hated sorrow,
 Beneath his Lady's window came,
 And thus he sung his last good-morrow:
 "My arm it is my country's right,
 My heart is in my true love's bower;
 Gaily for love and fame to fight
 Befits the gallant Troubadour."

And while he march'd with helm on head
 And harp in hand, the descant rung,
 As faithful to his favourite maid,
 The minstrel-burthen still he sung:
 "My arm it is my country's right,
 My heart is in my lady's bower;
 Resolved for love and fame to fight,
 I come, a gallant Troubadour."

E'en when the battle-roar was deep,
 With dauntless heart he hew'd his way,
 'Mid splintering lance and falchion-sweep,
 And still was heard his warrior-lay;

“My life it is my country’s right,
My heart is in my lady’s bower;
For love to die, for fame to fight,
Becomes the valiant Troubadour.” —

Alas! upon the bloody field
He fell beneath the foeman’s glaive,
But still, reclining on his shield,
Expiring sung the exulting stave:
“My life it is my country’s right,
My heart is in my lady’s bower;
For love and fame to fall in fight
Becomes the valiant Troubadour.”

FROM THE FRENCH.

It chanced that Cupid on a season,
By Fancy urged, resolved to wed,
But could not settle whether Reason
Or Folly should partake his bed.

What does he then?—Upon my life,
'Twas bad example for a deity—
He takes me Reason for his wife,
And Folly for his hours of gaiety.

Though thus he dealt in petty treason,
He loved them both in equal measure;
Fidelity was born of Reason,
And Folly brought to bed of Pleasure.

SONG,

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE PITT CLUB
OF SCOTLAND.

O DREAD was the time, and more dreadful the omen,
When the brave on Marengo lay slaughter'd in vain,
And, beholding broad Europe bow'd down by her
foemen,

PITT closed in his anguish the map of her reign!
Not the fate of broad Europe could bend his brave
spirit.

To take for his country the safety of shame;
O then in her triumph remember his merit,
And hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Round the husbandman's head, while he traces the
furrow,

The mists of the winter may mingle with rain,
He may plough it with labour, and sow it in sorrow,
And sigh while he fears he has sow'd it in vain;

He may die ere his children shall reap in their glad-
ness,
But the blithe harvest-home shall remember his
claim,
And their jubilee-shout shall be soften'd with sadness,
While they hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Though anxious and timeless his life was expended,
In toils for our country preserved by his care,
Though he died ere one ray o'er the nations ascended,
To light the long darkness of doubt and despair;
The storms he endured in our Britain's December,
The perils his wisdom foresaw and o'ercame,
In her glory's rich harvest shall Britain remember,
And hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Nor forget His grey head, who, all dark in affliction,
Is deaf to the tale of our victories won,
And to sounds the most dear to paternal affection,
The shout of his people applauding his Son;
By his firmness unmoved in success or disaster,
By his long reign of virtue, remember his claim!
With our tribute to PITT join the praise of his Master,
Though a tear stain the goblet that flows to his
name.

Yet again fill the wine-cup, and change the sad mea-
sure,
The rites of our grief and our gratitude paid,
To our Prince, to our Heroes, devote the bright trea-
sure,
The wisdom that plann'd, and the zeal that obey'd!

Fill WELLINGTON's cup till it beam like his glory,
Forget not our own brave DALHOUSIE and GRÆME;
A thousand years hence hearts shall bound at their
story,
And hallow the goblet that flows to their fame

SONG,

ON THE LIFTING OF THE BANNER OF THE HOUSE
OF BUCCLEUCH,

At a great Foot-ball Match on Carterhaugh.

FROM the brown crest of Newark its summons ex-
tending,
Our signal is waving in smoke and in flame;
And each forester blithe, from his mountain de-
scending,
Bounds light o'er the heather to join in the game.

CHORUS.

*Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan her,
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.*

When the Southern invaders spread waste and disorder,
At the glance of her crescents he paused and with-
drew,
For around them were marshall'd the pride of the
Border,
The Flowers of the Forest, the Bands of BUCCLEUCH.
Then up with the Banner, etc.

A stripling's weak hand to our revel has borne her,
 No mail-glove has grasp'd her, no spearmen surround;
 But ere a bold foeman should scathe or should scorn
 her,
 A thousand true hearts would be cold on the ground.
Then up with the Banner, etc.

We forget each contention of civil dissension,
 And hail, like our brethren, HOME, DOUGLAS, and
 CAR;
 And ELLIOT and PRINGLE in pastime shall mingle,
 As welcome in peace as their fathers in war.
Then up with the Banner, etc.

Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be the weather,
 And if, by mischance, you should happen to fall,
 There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather,
 And life is itself but a game at foot-ball.
Then up with the Banner, etc.

And when it is over, we'll drink a blithe measure
 To each laird and each lady that witness'd our fun,
 And to every blithe heart that took part in our pleasure,
 To the lads that have lost and the lads that have won.
Then up with the Banner, etc.

May the Forest still flourish, both Borough and Land-
 ward,
 From the hall of the Peer to the herd's ingle-nook;

And huzza! my brave hearts, for BUCCLEUCH and
his standard,
For the King and the Country, the Clan and the
Duke!

*Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan her,
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.*

THE END.

Scott, Walter,

The poetical works of Sir Walter Scott

Bd.: 7

Paris 1821

Bamberg, Staatsbibliothek -- L.angl.o.109(3#2
urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb11715712-9